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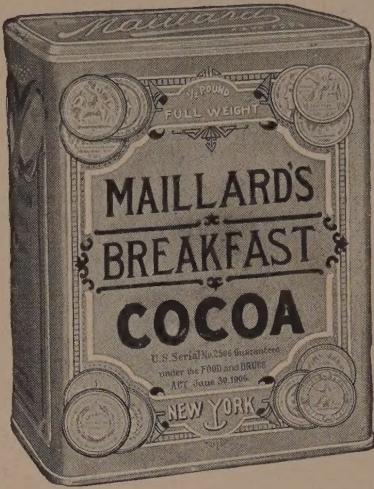


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CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 1909

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

COVER: Portrait in colors of Lotta Faust in "The Midnight Sons."

PAGE

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "The Only Law" at the Hackett.

TITLE PAGE: Mrs. Leslie Carter

69

PLANS FOR THE NEW SEASON

70

NEW PLAYS: "Billy," "The Only Law," "The Gay Hussars," "The Ringmaster," "The Florist Shop"

73

SCENES IN "THE FLORIST SHOP"—Full-page plate

75

ACTING "HAMLET" BEHIND A NET—Illustrated

Willis Steel

78

MARGARET ANGLIN—Full-page plate

79

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL SPEECH—Poem

George Sylvester Viereck

81

PLAYERS OF YESTERDAY—Illustrated

G. T. F.

82

ANNA PAWLOWA—Full-page plate

83

A BALLADE OF OLD PLAYERS—Poem

J. J. Meehan

84

BLANCHE BATES—Full-page plate

87

THE FOREST PLAYS OF CALIFORNIA—Illustrated

Herman Scheffauer

88

FLORENCE ROCKWELL—Full-page plate

93

MARIE DELNA—Full-page plate

95

THE COBURN PLAYERS IN "CANTERBURY PILGRIMS"—Illustrated

96

THE GLOOMY LIFE OF THE UNDERSTUDY

George C. Jenks

98

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH

Mlle. Sartoris

xiv

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New Dramatic Books

THE GERMAN DRAMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Georg Witkowski, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Authorized Translation by L. E. Horning, University of Toronto. \$1.25 net.

This is a brief but succinct philosophical account and discussion of the German drama of the nineteenth century. To the student it is of great value. It will be interesting to the general reader measurably acquainted with German dramatic literature or stage productions. Books about books or plays are profitless without an acquaintance with the originals. The author traces the various tendencies of various periods, beginning with Goethe and Schiller at the end of the eighteenth century, then considering the period between 1800 and 1830, then from 1830 to 1885, then from 1885 to 1900. He does not undertake to estimate the permanency of any plays beyond the last period. Inasmuch as German theatres still largely hold to the repertory plan, it is possible to enumerate those plays which prove to be living on the stage of to-day. Goethe's work has about disappeared, "Faust" alone surviving. Five of Schiller's plays live, "William Tell" and "Mary Stuart" being the most popular. The method of ascertaining this vitality is the test that the plays must have been performed at least ten times in each of the last six years in all German theatres combined. Many of these surviving plays have never left their native land. Indeed, it is astonishing that Kleist's "Das Kaethchen von Heilbronn" should be possible to-day. It is the case of a girl whose love was even fostered by the lashing of a whip. But her loved one was a nobleman. Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, an astonishingly clever adapter, outlives Goethe and Schiller. It was with her plays that Maggie Mitchell flourished with us a generation ago. Germany is as much given to the frivolous as we are. The author recognizes that all theatres now have taken on the character of an industrial institute. Even the court theatres, in spite of the subsidies granted them, are, even more than formerly, dependent upon the ticket money, as the grant in all cases covers but a portion of the expenses. He admits, or rather asserts, "the debasing influences of the great masses." "Only those theatres which are conducted with this noble purpose are to be recognized, without reservation, as homes of art and valuable factors in the spiritual life of a nation. They alone can exercise an undisturbed, strong and ennobling influence on the public. And yet, with the yielding to the need for entertainment, which is practised by the great majority of theatres, a higher tendency is not excluded, and along with silly farces and low operettas is often found in the same place a successful effort to offer meretricious works in dignified form, a compromise which is necessitated by the double mission of the stage to-day." The author is by no means a pessimist. He believes that the present actors have, as a rule, command over a higher intellectual culture than their predecessors, and that specialization of rôles must increase the possibility of having full command over special departments.

THE PEOPLE AT PLAY. By Rollin Lynde Hartt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1909. \$1.50 net.

This is a book out of the usual run in that it discusses the amusements of the masses outside of the theatre proper, and while the humors of melodrama are depicted by pen and pencil, the newer forms of entertainment receive minute attention for the first time. Mr. Hartt, plainly a college-bred young man, full of life and sympathetic observation, has made a close study of cheap people, in their holiday moments, in their enjoyment of cheap resources of pleasure. He reproduces the types of the entertainers and the entertained in the Home of the Burlesque, the Amusement Park, the Dime Museum, the Moving Picture shows, Melodrama, at baseball, in dance halls and elsewhere. The evolution of the working girl and the ideas of her set furnish a really new sociological study. The book is philosophically gossipy, and contains much information of a curious, interesting and definite kind.

GRIEG AND HIS MUSIC. By Henry T. Finck. New York: John Lane Company. 1909. \$2.50 net.

This is a new and revised edition of Mr. Finck's Life of Grieg, with considerable new matter. Fortunate that master of music who has Mr. Finck for a biographer. In this case there was a personal intimacy between musician and biographer, which gives authority to the personal note of appreciation. Mr. Finck never loses his sense of proportion, and while his book has special significance to the expert because of its technical discriminations, it is of exceeding interest to all to whom a record of genius appeals. The book is copiously illustrated.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER, 1909

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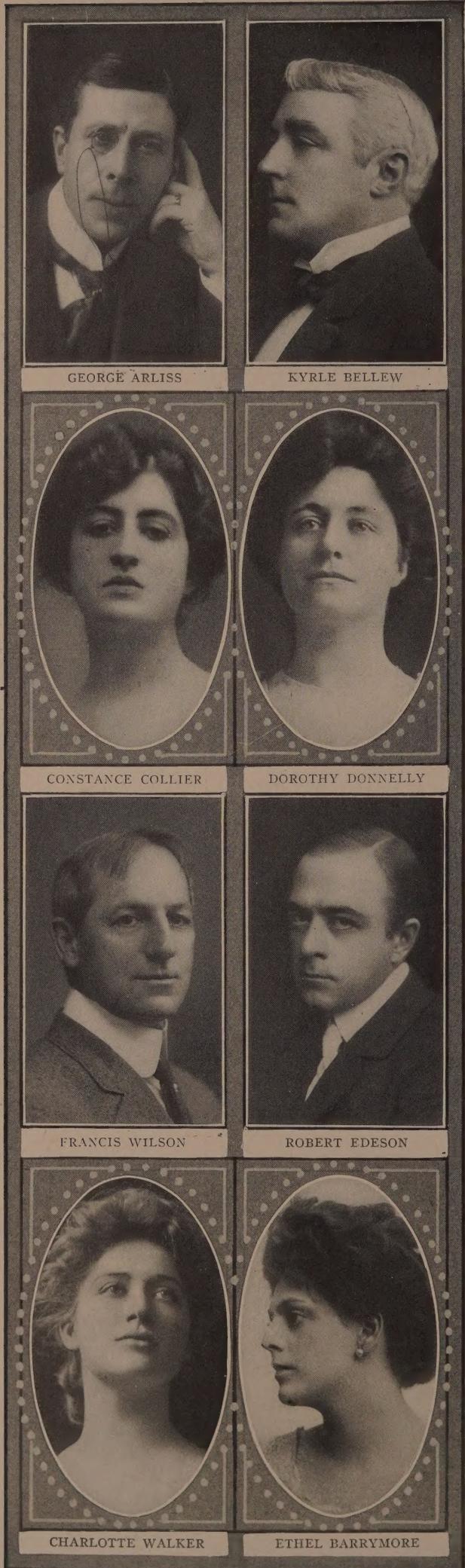
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PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE managerial announcements for the theatrical year of 1909-10 promise a season of uncommon interest. All Europe has been scoured for dramatic novelties, and the most successful of our native writers will be represented by new works.

The season opened at the Knickerbocker on July 29 with "The Gay Hussars," an operetta from the German. Daly's followed on August 2 with "Billy," a comedy by George Cameron. On the same night the Hackett Theatre gave "The Only Law," a play by Wilson Mizner and George Bronson-Howard. On August 9 at the Liberty was produced "The Florist Shop," a farce by Oliver Herford, and the same day saw the production at Maxine Elliott's Theatre of "The Ringmaster," by Olive Porter. On August 16 "A Broken Idol" opened the season at the Herald Square. On August 23 Mr. Frohman produced at the Garrick Michael Morton's comedy, "Detective Sparkes," and on the same day at Wallack's Mr. Brady presented "The Dollar Mark." At the Lyceum on August 26 occurred the first American performance of "Arsène Lupin," the French detective play, which has had great success in Paris.

Charles Frohman's most important production, of course, will be Edmond Rostand's much talked-of drama of barnyard life, "Chantecler," in which all the players impersonate animals. This is promised for early in the Spring. Next in importance, but to be given earlier, comes "Israel," a new play by Henry Bernstein, author of "The Thief." This is the racial drama in which an anti-semitic son challenges his father, a Jew, to fight a duel. Then will come "Scandal," which has had tremendous success in Paris. The author, Henri Bataille, is well known in America as the dramatizer of Tolstoi's novel, "Resurrection." Alfred Sutro, who wrote "The Walls of Jericho," will be represented by two new plays, "The Builder of Bridges," in which Kyrtle Bellew is to appear, and another comedy, "Making a Gentleman," which is to be produced later in the season. John Drew will star this year in "Inconstant George," a new comedy by the authors of "Love Watches." The piece, which is founded on one of Aesop's fables, has been played for the last six months in Paris under the name of "Buridan's Donkey." Ethel Barrymore will be seen in a new comedy by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, entitled "Mid-Channel," and Otis Skinner has a play by Booth Tarkington called "Your Humble Servant." Another important production to be made early by Mr. Frohman will be Conan Doyle's "The Fires of Fate," which has had almost sensational success in London.

On August 30 we shall see at the Criterion "The Flag Lieutenant," with Bruce McRae in the title rôle, and on September 6 Mr. Frohman will produce at the Knickerbocker "The Dollar Princess," a musical comedy by Willner and Greenbaum. Maude Adams will continue playing "What Every Woman Knows." Later she will be seen as Viola in "Twelfth Night." Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern open the New Theatre in November with "Antony and Cleopatra."

Mr. David Belasco has already begun his new season with the production of a new play called "Is Matrimony a Failure"? This is an adaptation by Leo Dietrichstein of Blumenthal and Kadelburg's comedy, "Die Thür ins Freie." David Warfield has a new play not yet named, and Charlotte Walker will be seen in a piece by Eugene Walter called "Just a Wife." Frances Starr will continue in "The Easiest Way," and an announcement of considerable interest in connection with this management is to the effect that David Belasco and Clyde Fitch are to collaborate on a new play. Blanche Bates continues in "The Fighting Hope."

Henry W. Savage has secured an important European play which he will produce in September. This is Alexander Bisson's drama, "Madame X," which has a sensational trial scene. Dorothy Donnelly will take the part of the wife, acted in Paris by Jane Hading. Mr. Savage also announces an English version of "Lori Pollinger," the Viennese comedy by Franz von Schoenfeld. This will probably be called "Miss Patsy." Messrs. Liebler's most important card is Israel Zangwill's racial drama, "The Melting Pot," which has not yet been seen in New York. Walker Whiteside will appear as the Jewish boy immigrant, who hails

f the NEW SEASON



America as the great crucible for all mankind. Viola Allen will be seen in "The White Sister," a dramatization of the late Marion Crawford's last novel. Dustin Farnum stars this season in "Cameo Kirby," and H. B. Warner plays the principal part in Edwin Milton Royle's drama, "In the Blood," which is a sequel to "The Squaw Man." Chrystal Herne will be seen in the title part of "Miss Philura," a little play of new England life by Henry Blossom.

Harrison Grey Fiske will present a dramatization of W. J. Locke's novel "Septimus," with George Arliss in the title rôle. Mr. Fiske has already produced in other cities a new play by Rupert Hughes called "The Bridge." Mrs. Fiske continues acting in "Salvation Nell." Henry B. Harris, in addition to having companies here and on the road presenting Charles Klein's drama, "The Third Degree," will produce "On the Eve," a play of Russian life, adapted by Martha Morton from the German of Leopold Kampf. Hedwig Reicher, a young German actress of marked ability and strikingly beautiful presence, will make her American début on this occasion. Robert Edeson will be seen in W. Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "The Noble Spaniard." Edmund Breese will star for the first time in "The Earth," a new play by James Bernard Fagan, the English playwright. Another production which Mr. Harris will make is a new play by William Anthony McGuire entitled "The Heights." This piece will serve as a vehicle in which to launch Frank Keenan as a star and will probably come to New York in November. "Such a Little Queen," by Channing Pollock, has already opened the season, also Kellet Chamber's comedy, "An American Widow." Mr. Savage will present "The Love Cure" at the New Amsterdam in September.

Grace Elliston makes her début as a star in a new play entitled "An American Girl from France," by Harriet Ford, the author of "The Gentleman from France." Among other Harris productions will be "The Commuters," by James Forbes, and a new play by Charles Klein, which is as yet unnamed.

Eugene W. Presbrey's dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Barrier," will be produced early in September, with Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts in the principal rôles. Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Circus Man" will be brought to New York later in the season. On September 13 Lillian Russell will reappear at the Liberty in another play by Edmund Day entitled "The Widow's Might." Mlle. Adeline Genée will open in New York in a new play on October 4. In November two productions are to be made by Klaw and Erlanger, "Through a Window," by Gertrude Andrews, in which Lillian Albertson will be seen, and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. The musical plays will be "The Young Turk," with Max Rogers and Maud Raymond, "The Air King" and a Victor Herbert piece with May de Souza in the principal rôle.

Mr. Brady's theatrical interests grow larger and more important each season. Robert Mantell in Shakespearian and other classic rôles will be seen in the larger cities, and early in April he will sail from San Francisco to tour Australia. Grace George will go on tour in "A Woman's Way." She will be seen later as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," also in a revival of "Divorçons." Tim Murphy, who has been a great favorite in the South for many years, will be presented in a play by Rupert Hughes called "My Boy," and Clara Lipman returns to the stage in a new piece called "The Sins of Others." Cyril Scott will be starred in "The Little Brown Jug," dramatized by Owen Kildare, and Phoebe Davies has in preparation for production in October a new play by W. J. Hurlbut. Fritzi Scheff will continue in "The Prima Donna," and Elsie Janis will be seen again in "The Fair Co-Ed."

Mabel Taliaferro will be seen as the star of "Springtime," by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Early this coming Winter "The Assassin," a new play by Eugene Walter, is promised for production. "The Fool's Comedy" is another new play by J. Hartley Manners scheduled for an early production, and "The Lure" and "Waste," two new plays by Porter Emerson Browne, the author of that extraordinary drama "A Fool There Was," are listed.

George Ade and Gustav Luders are writing a new musical comedy



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for Montgomery and Stone, which will be the opening attraction at Mr. Dillingham's new theatre, corner Broadway and Forty-sixth Street, on November 1. Early in January Wagenhals and Kemper will produce a new play by Eugene Walter, and Maurice Campbell promises for December George Hazelton's play, "The Raven." Henrietta Crosman will go on tour in her latest success, "Sham," and will return to New York about January 1 to be seen in a revival of "The School for Scandal."

The Shuberts have a lengthy list of attractions. Mme. Nazimova will have a new modern play. Mme. Kalich will also star this season in a new play under these managers. Forbes Robertson will come to Maxine Elliott's Theatre in October with his London success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and Maxine Elliott will follow with a play entitled "Deborah of Tod's." Mary Manning will be an early attraction at Daly's in "The Miss Gower." Florence Roberts, a new Shubert star, and Bertha Galland will have new vehicles. Charles Richman will be seen in his own play, "The Revellers." Marietta Olly, the celebrated Viennese actress, will be added to the long list of Shubert stars. Zelda Sears will make her début as a star in a Clyde Fitch comedy, "The Manicure Girl," and "The City," announced as Mr. Fitch's "biggest play," will be seen in October. Hartley Manner's "The Mouse Trap" is scheduled for an early production, and Annie Russell will be seen in a new play by John Corbin called "Husband."

Among the comedians, Francis Wilson has a new piece called "The Bachelor's Baby." Sam Bernard has a comedy entitled "The Wizard," by Hartley Manners, Robert B. Smith and Julian Edwards. William Collier will appear in a farce written by

George Hobart and himself. De Wolf Hopper has a new play, so has Lew Fields. Joseph Weber will continue in "The Merry Widow and the Devil." He will also produce an opera called "The Song of a Soul," which is founded on Joseph Carl Breil's incidental music in "The Climax." A new play by Sydney Rosenfeld entitled "The Children of Destiny," will be produced by William A. Brady. Klaw & Erlanger will produce a political play entitled "Senator West," by Henry B. Needham. They will also stage a dramatization of the novel, "The Inner Shrine." Frank Daniels will star in "The Belle of Brittany."

Mr. Frohman will produce in America the English musical play called "The Arcadians," which has won great popularity in London. He will also bring over the present London Gaiety success, "Our Miss Gibbs." Later in the season he will produce plays by Henry Arthur Jones, George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, Captain Marshall and Haddon Chambers. Mr. Hackett will star under his management in "Samson." Mr. Frohman will also produce here the English comedy called "Chains," and some time before the season closes he will present Somerset Maugham's comedy, "Mrs. Dot." Billie Burke continues in "Love Watches." William Gillette will probably not be seen on the stage this season. Marie Doro has a new play, and William Faversham will be seen in Stephen Phillips' poetic tragedy, "Herod."

Blanche Ring will be starred in "A Yankee Girl," and Lulu Glaser, in a new musical play by Glen MacDonough, will come to the Herald Square. Emma Carus will be seen on Broadway early in the year in a new musical play, and there is promised, for the Casino, "The Paradise of Mohammed," "The King of Cadonia" for the Lyric, "The Persian Princess," a London suc-



Laura Nelson Hall

Oscar Adye

Act I. The pawnbroker receives the box containing the coal, which has been substituted for the diamonds
SCENE IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

cess, and John Philip Sousa's "The Glassblowers," which will come to New York about January 1, "The Typewriter Girl" by Joseph Herbert, "The Dance Around the World," "The Barefoot Dancer," "Cousin Bobby," "The Girl," "In Waiting" and "The Love Waltz."

A number of distinguished foreign players will visit the United States this season. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who has recently received the honor of knighthood, will appear in repertoire, which includes "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The School for Scandal" and "Julius Caesar." Lewis Waller, a favorite emotional actor in London, is also coming. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear in repertoire at the Empire. Ellaline Terriss will be seen in "The Dashing Little Duke," Marie Tempest comes with her London success, "Penelope."

A particularly interesting feature of the coming season will be the experiment of reviving the repertoire system, which is to be done on a sumptuous scale at the magnificent New Theatre recently erected at Sixty-second Street and Central Park West. Charles Frohman promises to try the same plan early next Spring.

DALY'S. "BILLY." Comedy in three acts by George Cameron. Produced August 2 with this cast:

Billy Hargreave.....	Mr. Drew	Doctor.....	George C. Pearce
John Hargreave.....	George Le Soir	Second Steward.....	Charles Clugston
Mrs. Hargreave.....	Caroline Harris	Third Steward.....	Louis Levine
Alice Hargreave.....	Jane Marbury	Boatswain.....	Spottiswoode Aitken
Mrs. Sloane.....	Mrs. Stuart Robson	Sailor.....	Prince Miller
Beatrice Sloane.....	Marian Chapman	Stewardess.....	Mme. Neuendorff
Sam Eustace.....	Franklin Jones	Messenger.....	Lee Potter
Captain	John Hickey		

If one looks only into theatrical cases the influence of heredity produces numerous evidences of the truth of the contention that blood will tell, and the presence of the dramatic corpuscle will always ultimately reveal itself. The Drew family is a startling, or rather convincing, case in point. The original John Drew was a noted actor. Mrs. John Drew—and a few generations still remember her—was an actress of superior merit and splendid artistic accomplishment. Whoever had the happy chance of seeing her "Mrs. Malaprop" or "The Widow Green" will ever forget the marvelous humorous details of these wonderful stage portraits? They were delineations of the genre that compel the use of only superlatives.

Of her numerous descendants, Sydney Drew is a player whose capacity is but little known outside of the world of vaudeville, where he has displayed his talents for years past. "Billy's Tombstones" was a medium that stood him well in that field of theatrical activity, and, with that as a working basis, George Cameron (his wife, a daughter of McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard) has evolved a three-act comedy, which is pleasing good-sized audiences at Daly's Theatre, under the title of "Billy." "Billy" is a very obvious farce. But it succeeds in its purpose, and hearty laughter is the reward. An enthusiastic collegian, Billy loses his front teeth on the gridiron. To get accustomed to the artificial substitutes, he takes a sea voyage. An accident and a designing rival for the hand of the girl he loves deprive him of his cuspid. His prospective mother-in-law also loses her false teeth, and out of these premises grow a series of complications that are genuinely funny, worked out with much ingenuity of detail. It is a short entertainment, and perhaps the idea is a little thinly spread out over three acts, but the fun is there, and if the purpose is only to evoke laughter, who shall captiously criticize? Mr. Drew is a farceur of capital spirit and delicate methods. He takes himself seriously, and accordingly makes his every point tell with becoming force. His Billy Hargreave is an impersonation of much artistic value, and makes one wish to see him in work of a more exacting kind. It is an entirely satisfactory company which supports him. George Le Soir as his father, Mrs. Stuart Robson as the girl's mother, Marian Chapman as the girl, Jane Marbury as his sister, and Mme. Neuendorff as a stewardess, all contribute to a most agreeable evening. The one stage setting, representing the upper deck of the S.S. "Florida," bound for Havana in the month of January, is admirably effective.



FORBES ROBERTSON

The distinguished English actor who will be seen here in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"

HACKETT. "THE ONLY LAW." Play in three acts by Wilson Mizner and George Bronson-Howard. Produced August 2 with this cast:

Jean	Mabel Cameron	A Detective.....	Will E. Sheerer
Hortense	Mabel Frenyear	An Expressman.....	L. M. Martell
MacAvoy	Forest Winant	Bannister.....	George S. Christie
Spider		Ben Johnson	

The least interesting people in New York, and perhaps in the world, are the vicious characters in the so-called Tenderloin. Even those of them who harm only themselves are fools, whatever their natural attributes may be, who are living in an atmosphere in which everything is false and perverted, and in which every fleeting pleasure is paid for at many times its value. "Being on the square with a pal is the only law we know," is a line spoken by one of the characters, and printed as the text of the play on the program. In other words, the five active people in the play are immoral, and constitute a school of applied vice. What lesson from this school do the two authors of the play want to teach? They certainly teach none. They would probably tell you that the play is not immoral, but unmoral, using an absurd expression that has strangely come into wide use of recent years. No human being can be unmoral. He must be moral or immoral. If you apply the term to a play, you must mean that the play is without a moral and teaches nothing, in which event it is hardly a play. It can be immoral, however, in at least two ways, either by the intent



White, N. Y.

ANNA BUSSERT

Appearing as the Baroness Risa in "The Gay Hussars" at the Knickerbocker

Moffett, Chicago

MABEL BUNYEAS

Playing Angela in "King Dodo," under the management of John Cort

Hall, N. Y.

ELGIE BOWEN

Singing the prima donna rôle in "The Love Cure" at the Liberty

inspiring the author or by the impression left with the audience. In this case, there being no point of interest in the play, no sympathies being aroused, there seems to be no intent of any kind except to put immoral people through their paces, some of which have dramatic action.

Two show girls are living in apartments. A Broadway rounder is the friend of one of the girls, and she is infatuated with him. He is distinctly not unmoral. A "Wall Street man" falls in love with her and wants to marry her. Her friend is indignant that she does not accept him. We need not repeat his arguments in favor of such a step. The "Wall Street man" gives her a check of one thousand dollars. She calls up a broker and instructs him to invest it on a tip which she has from her admirer. She makes eighteen thousand dollars. Her friend plans to take this money, which she has deposited in the bank in his name, and go to London, leaving her behind. The other show girl finds it out and forces him to accept her as a companion. The wire-tapper

contrives to have him arrested with the money in his possession, thereby saving himself from arrest on account of a robbery of exactly the same amount. He then kicks the Broadway rounder out of the room, squares the girl with the "Wall Street man" who wants to marry her, thus bringing the wholly unnecessary and wholly uninteresting history to a happy ending with a dispersal of this nest of rats. The authors are capable, but they have wasted their skill on something that offends good taste and common sense as well as the moral sense.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE GAY HUSSARS." Military operetta in three acts by Karl von Bakonyi and Robert Bodansky. Produced July 29 with this cast:

Baron Von Lahoney.....William E. Bonney	Private Yrmin.....Bernard Lyons
Baroness Treszka.....Florence Reid	Corporal Ludwig.....Robert Clarke
Baroness Von Marbach.....Anna Bussert	Captain Wulff.....R. M. Frank
Captain Von Emmerich.....Alonzo Price	Major Von Fritsche.....Arthur Bauer
Captain Von Lorenty.....Edwin Wilson	Captain Strumfried.....George Dwyer
Lieutenant Von Elekes.....Robert Young	Lieutenant Juricicz.....George Lamar
Volunteer Cadet Marosi.....Muriel Terry	Lieutenant Koppler.....Edward Leech
Sub-Lieut. Wallerstein.....Bobby North	First Soldier.....Henry Wilkes



Sarony

BRUCE MCRAE

Who is starring in "The Flag Lieutenant" at the Criterion Theatre

Sarony

DORIS KEANE

Appearing in "Arsene Lupin" at the Lyceum Theatre

Sarony

OTIS SKINNER

Who will be seen in a new play by Booth Tarkington called "Your Humble Servant"

Scenes in "The Florist Shop" at the Liberty Theatre



Photos Hall Lionel Walsh Adelaide Orton
Act I. The innocent bridegroom trying to "sow wild oats" with Mrs. Perkins' maid



Louise Drew John Thomas Richard Stirling
Act III. The wedding ceremony in the florist shop



Lionel Walsh Marion Lorne R. F. Freeman Anna L. Bates Louise Drew Richard Stirling
Act III. Aunt Miranda catches Uncle Josiah in the bachelor's flat and chides him for his fall from grace

Sergeant Turi.....Frank Russell
 Herr Starke.....W. H. Denny
 LajosFrank Montgomery
 ViragJohn O'Hanlon
 Private Fekete.....H. T. Pinkham

Frau Von Bergen.....Ilon Bergere
 Countess Olga.....Pauline Winters
 Frau Von Schroeder.....Sophie Witt
 Countess Elsa.....Violet Mack
 Baroness Hapsburg.....Mabelle Jones

"The Gay Hussars" has a saner, livelier music and more jollity with a basis of reason than any number of our native hodge-podes in vogue, but the element of humorous satire on army conditions in Hungary (and Austria and all Germany, for that matter) could hardly be conveyed to our audiences, and thus the story of the opera loses some of its true flavor. The story is simple and intelligible enough, but too artificial to sustain any real sentiment except in its music.

A young army officer, a captain, during the Autumn manœuvres, finds himself quartered before the castle once owned by his

course, are merely trick songs and are not to be compared with some of the charming musical numbers which give the opera distinction, of which are "Sex Delicious" and "Oh, Silver Moon." Miss Muriel Terry, as a spirited lad, introduced herself to popularity with two rollicking songs, supported with the full chorus. Miss Anna Bussert was overweighted with the artificial and heavy dramatic requirements of the part of the baroness. While there are some artificialities, there are some very refreshing unconventionalities in the opera. The first act, in its ending, departs entirely from custom. A prosy old drill master has his men gathered about him around the camp fires, and they drop off to sleep as he drones away, he himself finally falling asleep, talking to the last. It is possible that too much of an attempt has been



Hall Alice (Jane Marbury) Billy (Sidney Drew) Mrs. Sloane (Mrs. Stuart Robson) Stewardess (Mme. Neuendorff)
 Act III. Mrs. Sloane discovers that her false teeth are gone
 SCENE IN GEORGE CAMERON'S COMEDY "BILLY" AT DALY'S THEATRE

family, but now of the estate of a baroness, once loved by the captain, who had given him up to marry a richer title. She is now a widow. She confesses that she had never loved her husband, and by way of winning her former lover back invites him and the officers of the command to a ball at the castle. He refuses to attend, but sends a subaltern, a stupid comic blunderer, in his place. In the meanwhile he pretends to make love to the daughter of the commanding officer, and his troubles begin. He loses his sword and has his buttons cut off, all because of his mixing his love affairs. In the end the captain and the baroness are reconciled and a cadet of the Hussars gets the daughter of the fierce old commander. The shallow and spiritless story, however, is consistent and provides scenes and songs that are, in themselves, interesting and often charming.

Thus, while the dramatic action as a whole is ineffective and unconvincing, it follows in one general direction and is about something. It has the merit of being a comic opera, and is in a worthy class. Even regarded merely as an entertainment, its musical numbers are distinctively of a higher order than are to be found in other comic operas that are current. The comedian, Bobby North, is very satisfactory. He has a song about his "Friend Lebel" which is very amusing. Miss Florence Reid has a fetching song in "Oh, You Bold, Bad Men." These, of

made to reproduce in detail the spirit and circumstances of the foreign life depicted. A freer adaptation would have been better perhaps. Edward Wilson, as Captain Lorenty, had too much of a dramatic burden to carry. This is a case in which the foreign work should be remodeled for its new audiences. Should this be done properly the opera would probably succeed and outlast by many seasons the ephemeral pieces now concurrently on view.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE RINGMASTER." Play in 4 acts by Olive Porter. Produced Aug. 9 with this cast:

Miss Densmore.....Ruth Brolaska	Kingsley McElroy.....Frederick Burton
StevensBurke Patrick	Peter Stuyvesant Cobb.....William Rosell
William Ford.....Ralph Dean	BensonGeorge G. Roberts
Ex-Senator Paul Craven.....Edward Emery	StewardWillis Martin
Richard Hillary.....George Howell	Henry Laddington.....Charles D. Pitt
Eleanor Hillary.....Laurette Taylor	George Stilwell.....Lucius Henderson
Rebecca Love.....Oza Waldrop	Office Boy.....Grant Clarke
John Le Baron, Jr.....Arthur Byron	MessengerVernon Wallace
Mrs. Alice Bradley.....Marion Ballou	

It is a very peculiar play, dealing with a Wall Street subject, which Olive Porter has written with the assistance of Francis W. Van Praag. It is idle to assert that at times it exerts an other than compelling interest on the part of those in front. Yet it is equally certain that only a limited percentage of those looking on have other than a vague notion of what it is all about. This is a



MARGUERITE SYLVA AS MANON

American soprano, who comes to the Manhattan Opera House next season after many triumphs in Europe

fate which attaches to all plays dealing with the technical side of the financial world. Interest in stocks is universal, but as to the machinery involved in their purchase and sale, few have any very definite idea. Miss Porter evidently knows it all, and expresses her knowledge with a technical facility and detail quite bewildering. But, and this is a very important fact, she has totally overlooked the very positive position which the Inter-State Commerce



ALICE NIELSON AS ROSINA

American prima donna, who returns from Europe to sing the leading rôle in "Le Barbier de Seville" at the New Boston Opera House

Commission has taken under the law, in the adjustment of rates and the abolishment of unfair discrimination. The crux of her play is based on a new, perfectly untenable position. Richard Hilary, a powerful factor in Wall Street, "The Iron Master," wishes to form a consolidation of smelter interests. One big corporation refuses to come into the combine. In order to coerce it he

(Continued on page xi)

A Correction Regarding John Philip Sousa

THE last issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE contained an interview with Mr. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz." The interview was written by Mr. D. E. Kessler, a California writer who is not personally known to the editor of this magazine. His article was found among dozens of other manuscripts that reach us daily by mail, and dealing as it did with the interesting personality and activities of a man who has gained a wide reputation as author of the popular Oz books, the article was accepted on its merits. In part of the article Mr. Baum is quoted as making certain statements regarding Arthur Pryor, the band master, and his former connection with John Philip Sousa, the well-known "March King." It will be remembered that Mr. Pryor was for many years a member of Sousa's band. Among other things Mr. Baum is reported as saying "It is pretty well conceded that the success of the Sousa marches was largely due to him (Pryor). He would play out the heavy trombone airs and Sousa would write around them. Have you heard a Sousa march that amounted to anything since they separated?"

The foregoing statement is obviously so unfair to Mr. Sousa that we have written to Mr. Baum inquiring if he was correctly reported.

Meantime, we have received the following letter from Mr. Arthur Pryor, who is now with his band at Asbury Park, New Jersey:

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I was astounded to read Mr. Frank Baum's statement regarding myself and John Philip Sousa in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for August. What Mr. Baum says in reference to Mr. Sousa's music is so utterly untrue and misleading that I consider a serious injustice would be done Mr. Sousa if I did not immediately refute such statements, at least as far as they apply directly to me.

Mr. Baum is quoted in the interview as follows: "It is pretty well conceded that the success of the Sousa marches was largely due to him (Pryor). He (Pryor) would play out the heavy trombone airs and Sousa would write around them. Have you heard a Sousa march that amounted to anything since they separated?"

Now, the foregoing is absolutely false. There is not the slightest foundation for such statements. Reports of the same character have been made before, and I want to say here as positively as I can that I have had nothing to do with originating or circulating them. I have great respect for Mr. Sousa, and entertain the most friendly feelings towards him. I have never collaborated with him, nor have I had anything to do with the arrangement of his scores. The suggestion that he would write around certain trombone airs played by me is ridiculous. You may take my word for it—all the marches and music to which Sousa's name is signed originated in the brain of John Philip Sousa and nowhere else. (Signed) ARTHUR PRYOR.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has no desire to do Mr. Sousa or anyone else an injustice, and we are glad to take this opportunity to correct the impression which the article in question might unfortunately have created in the public mind.



Marceau JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



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Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE IN "THE DRYAD," IN WHICH SHE WILL BE SEEN IN NEW YORK ON OCTOBER 4

Acting "Hamlet" Behind a Net

MANY of us, given the chance, would dearly love to torture a martyr. We think we wouldn't, and say harsh things about the Roman plebs and patricians of Nero's time who indulged in that practice. Nevertheless, when "Quo Vadis" was produced as a play the most exquisite moment occurred when the Christians, soaked in oil, were shown burning on columns to light up the Emperor's *porte-cochère*! To be sure, this scene followed one in which the Christians fathers, in false white beards, wearisomely expounded, and we had the fond hope that they were the ones set on fire. In sober justice a painful, lingering death was due these gentlemen, so it can hardly be taken as a fair test. But, in lesser ways, human nature is constantly showing that it is cruel still.

Pity, the actor who essays a part for which he is fitted by nature to fail in, never receives; derision and scorn are his, and an audience, whether gathered in the Bowery or on Broadway, is always unfeeling. In fact, when rumor goes forth that a more than usually painful spectacle of histrionic inability is to be witnessed on any stage, the crowd throngs there, eager to substitute cat-calls and taunts for applause, and for roses and violets they exchange cabbages and other harsh and peltable vegetables.

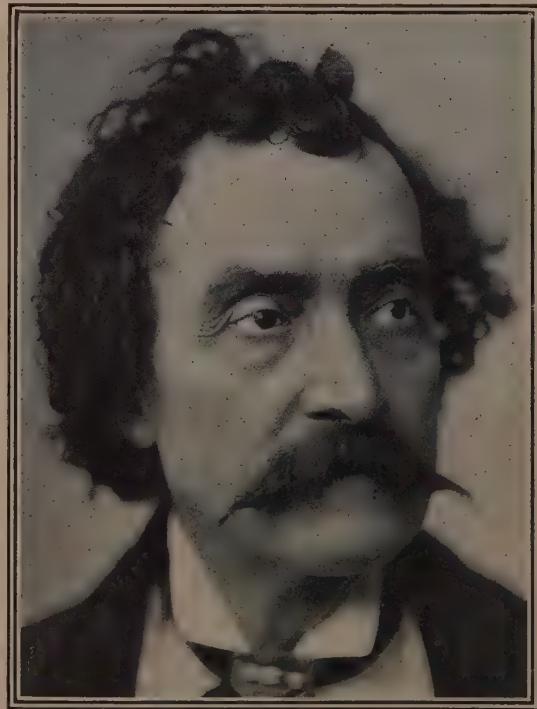
Once or twice in every generation a would-be actor of this unfortunate class arises and exhibits his infirmity to the

public scorn. His choice of play is usually "Hamlet," though "Richard III" and other Shakespearian rôles attract him. The generic term that has come to be applied to this poor being is "Hamlet Behind a Net."

There are still living New Yorkers who remember Count Johannes, who played Hamlet for the first time at the National Theatre in December, 1836. His last appearance in this city in this rôle was made at the Academy of Music on April 30, 1864.

Between those dates his insanity, for he was surely mad, led him to commit acts of buffoonery on the stage which made each subsequent engagement a rallying place for all who took delight in rude horse play, until finally their assaults upon the Count led to the erection of a barrier between actor and audience. Johannes, behind the net, interrupted Hamlet's "To be or not to be," in order to give his tormentors as good as they sent. His denunciation of their lack of respect for "genius" was scathing, but it only incited to ribald laughter, and the victory was, of course, invariably with the majority.

The real name of Count Johannes was George Jones. He was an Englishman born, but came early to America, and his career as actor in this country dates back to the early days of the Bowery Theatre. His age was exactly suited to the part when he made his American début as the Prince of Wales in "Henry IV" on March 4, 1831.



Sarony

COUNT JOHANNES

Whose ludicrous acting made it necessary for him to appear behind a net

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Five years later he judged himself ripe for Hamlet, and exhibited himself at first with but moderate transports in that rôle. Subsequently he repeated the performance many times in America and England, each time with less and less sanity, until at last the picture he gave of the melancholy prince was from beginning to end one of stark, raving insanity. It is difficult to believe the extravagant accounts of what this poor, crazy man did on the stage, and it would be still more difficult to believe with what shrieks of laughter the supposedly sane audiences witnessed his folly, if one did not come back to what was said at the beginning—that in most of us persists the torturing instinct.

At length, Johannes, illuminated by some lingering ray of reason, refused any longer to stand up and be fired at, even behind the protecting net in the metropolis, and he confined his appearances to provincial tours. In the last tour he made, his nearest "date" to the city was Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. No sooner had the announcement of his playing there been made than a boat-load of New Yorkers collected and sailed up the river to witness Johannes' queer interpretation of Hamlet. They filled up the hold of the boat with vegetables, which could no longer be exposed for sale at Washington Market, and with eggs that had passed their first usefulness.

When Johannes came out on the stage at Newburgh that night he recognized his old tormentors in the audience. They were actually the audience, for the citizens of Newburgh, ignorant of the style of performance in store for them, had mostly stayed away.

Johannes instantly stopped the action—motioned off his uncle-king and the mother-queen—and, ordering the curtain to be lowered, he stepped out in front of it. He made an impassioned



Moffett, Chicago

OLGA NETHERSOLE
Who will be seen again this coming season in "The Writing on the Wall"

appeal for fair treatment of himself and his wife, Mrs. Melinda Jones, who played the Queen, and men who were in the house confess that it made them ashamed for the moment, and they pushed their vegetable applause further under the seats. Concluding, Johannes said pathetically: "Besides, I wish you to remember that we are playing here to-night *without a net!*"

No sooner had the curtain gone up again than Johannes, who had apparently exhausted his sanity in the speech, showed more than his wonted eccentricity. He gurgled, spouted, shrieked and roared; he dashed about the stage with gestures like a bedlamite, and before the end of the first act good resolutions in front of the house were forgotten, and Johannes made his exit in a shower of cabbages. Returning, shielding himself as well as he was able, the actor held out both hands imploring silence. There ensued a brief respite, and Johannes hissed forth:

"What know these roarers of the King? Ye fools, dolts, asses—ye hirelings, Shakespeare spews you out of his mouth! The play will not proceed!"

Twenty years were to elapse before another Hamlet requiring protection appeared in New York. This was James Owen O'Connor, a very different individual, and much less of an actor than George Jones. He was a gaunt, pasty-faced man, whose name indicates his nationality, and he did, in truth, emerge "half-baked" from the Emerald Isle. There are various rumors of the way he gained a livelihood before he took to the stage. By some it is said that he drove a truck and by others that he worked as a laborer on the water-front. The point is not of consequence here, it being sufficient to say that he was nearly forty when he succeeded in getting a metropolitan appearance. He chose to débüt in Hamlet, and for nearly a week he recited as much of the lines of the bard as he could remember, improvising

the rest, supported by a company of players. Just as the crowd of torturers were getting ready—the rumor of James Owen O'Connor having gone forth—funds failed and the regular performances of this flannel-mouthed Hamlet ceased. It seemed as if the martyr-hunters were to be balked of their prey.

But no, an enterprising vaudeville agent thought he saw money in this new star, and he engaged him for a two weeks' trial. Thirty minutes of the Melancholy Dane by "the greatest living exponent of the bard" was advertised, and when James Owen O'Connor made his opening bow at Proctor's the crowd was ready for him. Two nights of freedom from the net was experiment enough; it had to go up as a measure of safety for human life. James Owen O'Connor's was in danger. This Irish actor was perfectly sane. He was out for the money that could be made by his specialty, and yet the most interesting part of his performance, and the one that "went best" with his audience, was the tirade, nightly delivered, against the men and women whose shrieks of "fayndish" merriment interrupted the play. Shaking his fist behind the safe enclosure of the net James Owen O'Connor thundered for fifteen minutes about the "day-graydation" of the "teeayter" and the ignorant and "coorse trate-ment of a borun achor by men who were no better than black-gyards!"

Little of this could be heard, and the actor denounced his audience mainly in dumb show, for no sooner had a word been uttered by him than they roared and shouted with cruel glee. It was a painful exhibition.

It has been said that O'Connor was not an actor; this must be amended. His fits of rage were splendid acting, for it was only acting. In his dressing room the man would sit and quietly laugh at the way he had duped his audience. He knew no easier



MARY BERTRAND

Canadian actress engaged by Klaw & Erlanger to play the leading feminine rôle in "Through a Window"

way, he said, to "earrun" \$250 a week. It is much to be feared that James Owen O'Connor was a "fake" as a "crushed tragedian."

His is, so far as is known, the solitary case of such prostitution for vulgar gain. The other "net" actors on record have left no doubt of their sincerity. Their success behind the net, alas! depended on it, for the tremendous distance between what they aimed at and their achievement alone constituted their attraction to the scoffers. If Anna Dickerson had not had her sex to defend her, and some fame as a writer to back up her attempt, the performance she gave of "Gimlet," as the irreverent called her prince, would have undoubtedly decreased the vegetable supply. Other women, less gifted and as bold, have also had to rely on the net.

The "net" actors exist to-day, but they have changed their tactics. They now give one exhibition performance, usually of an after-

noon, to an invited audience. That leaves the latter without means of retort, and may be considered like an unfair advantage. A delicious example of recent times was a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," arranged and paid for by a young woman who had had some success on the stage in the portrayal of minor hoiden characters. Such a performance of Juliet surpassed imagination; her "Gallop Apace!" reminded one of the gambols of a half-grown Newfoundland puppy, but as the people who listened did not pay for their tickets they behaved as decorously as they would at an afternoon tea where the hostess surprised them by unexpectedly standing on her head. A recent "fall" taken out of Hamlet by an amateur actor at Wallack's would scarcely have met the calm reception it did if the audience had known what to expect. Had either of these modern examples advertised for a run, the history of Johannes, O'Connor and the "Apple" sisters would have repeated itself.

WILLIS STEELL.

Joan of Arc's Farewell Speech

Englished for Maude Adams from the German of Schiller by George Sylvester Viereck

Farewell, ye hills, ye pastures dearly loved,
Ye quiet, homely valleys, fare ye well!
For Joan henceforth shall know your ways no more,
Joan to you all must bid a long farewell!
Ye meadows I have watered and ye trees
That I have planted, wear your gladsome green!
Farewell ye grottoes and ye cooling spring!
Sweet Echo, thou the valley's lovely voice,
Oft though my heart for thy response may yearn,
Joan goes, and never—never—shall return!

Dear tranquil scenes of all my joyful days,
I leave you now behind forevermore!
Poor, foldless lambs, go ye in unknown ways,
And walk unherded where the nightbirds soar,
For I am called another flock to graze
On fields of peril in the battle's roar.
I must obey the Spirit's high decree;
Earth-born ambition has no part in me.

He that to Moses upon Horeb's height
Descended fiery on the bush of flame,
Commanding him to stand in Pharaoh's sight;
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And made the lad his champion in the fight,
Loves to exalt a lowly shepherd's name.
He hailed me from the branches of this tree:
"Go forth, thou shalt on earth my witness be!"

"Rude brass for garment thy soft limbs shall wear
In clasp of iron shall thy heart be pressed,
Ne'er in thine eyes shall seem a man's face fair
Nor light the flame of mortal love unblessed;
Never the bride wreath shall adorn thy hair,
Nor lovely baby blossom at thy breast,
But thou shalt be War's sacrificial bride,
Above all earthly women glorified!"

"When the most brave in battle shall despair,
When ruin threatens and all hope seems vain,
Thine arms aloft mine oriflame shall bear;
And as the skilful reaper falls the grain,
Thou shalt mow down our foemen everywhere,
And turn Fate's chariot backward by thy rein!
Unto all France deliverance thou shalt bring,
And freeing Rheims in triumph crown the King!"

The Heavenly Spirit promised me a sign,
He sends the helmet, for it comes from *Him!*
Its iron thrills me with the strength divine
That fans the courage of the Cherubim,
And as the raging whirlwind whips the brine,
It drives me forth to lead the combat grim.
The chargers rear and trembling paw the ground,
The war-cry thunders and the trumpets sound!"

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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN
As Romeo

her as fascinating in conversation as she was entralling as a stage-interpreter. Her experiences had brought her into close relation with all the great lights of her art for forty years, with many of whom she had acted, and whose genius she appraised for the most part with equal acuteness and fairness, though she had no doubt some prejudices. In answer to my question whom she regarded as the greatest actor she had ever known, she answered without hesitation, "Macready." She cited the fact that in spite of his lack of fine physical endowments his performances of such diverse parts as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" and Macbeth —the former of which he created on the stage—surpassed all actions she had ever seen.

"As far as Macbeth is concerned," said she, "I have never known but one fully equal to its embodiment. All but Macready have failed in it, however great in other rôles. He grasped its heart and executed it with a splendor of illuminating force which no words can describe." Miss Cushman had supported Macready in his American tours in 1843-44 with distinguished success, there laying the foundation of her great future fame. She frankly attributed to his teaching her own insight into the part of Lady Macbeth, in which she was destined to become so celebrated on both sides of the water.

"Singular to say," she went on, "it was as Lady Macbeth that I made my début on the dramatic stage, a slip of a girl with but little experience. I had begun stage life as an operatic contralto, and it was while singing in New Orleans that my voice broke down, throwing me into the direst despair and ending my musical hopes. Placide, the manager, thought well of my dramatic possibilities, and persuaded me to take the lofty flight of one of the most difficult of the Shakespearian heroines. It was a most hazardous venture, for I was utterly unknown, and with but little technical experience; but I succeeded, at least, in not failing. It enabled me to get an engagement at the Bowery Theatre, when I returned to New York, to play leading parts. I have oftentimes since marveled at my own supreme audacity."

Miss Cushman regretted much that she had never seen Edmund Kean, whom she was disposed to regard as still greater than her favorite, Macready. On a subsequent visit she narrated an anecdote told her by Dr. Francis, that famous old physician who was always so intimate with the famous people of the stage, so thrilling as to be worth repeating here. It occurred in

Players of Yesterday

New York during Kean's last American tour. The play was "Hamlet," and Dr. Francis was with the actor in his dressing room. Suddenly the manager came in and said that the property man had mislaid the skull so necessary in the "grave-digger's scene." The doctor lived not far from the Park Theatre, and volunteered to furnish one from his study; so he hurried away and returned with "poor Yorick's skull." When Kean had ended the act, his visitor told him the history of that grisly memorial. The famous English tragedian, George Frederick Cooke, had died in New York about forty years before and been interred in St. Paul's Churchyard. It had been necessary to remove the remains, and Dr. Francis, being present, had secured the skull of Kean's great predecessor, who, in certain characters of Kean's repertory, notably Sir Giles Overreach, had never been surpassed on the English stage.

"When Dr. Francis told Kean of the facts," said Miss Cushman, "the great actor turned pale as death. Its tremendous suggestiveness overcame him, and he barely recovered himself to go on with the rest of his performance. He accepted that strange coincidence as an object-lesson of the transient value of the actor's name and fame." He received the skull as a gift, and years afterward Miss Cushman saw it in the library of his son, Charles Kean.

One of my most interesting reminiscences of conversation with this gifted woman was her account of her creation of the rôle of Meg Merrilies, a superlative stage figure, which those who once saw can never forget. The original play was somewhat of the nature of a musical melodrama, and Miss Cushman, then playing in Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, was to be out of the bill during its proposed run. Indeed, she had never seen the play, and had but little curiosity about it, intending to go away for a country visit. "On the day of the opening," said the great actress, "Mitchell came to me in deep trouble. The person cast for Meg had been taken ill. Would I go on, if only to read the part, and sing the incidental music? I felt obliged to assent; received the play in all its parts, and in a brief rendering recognized the tremendous possibilities of Meg. The music was cut out, and I made some important changes in the lines and tenseness of the rôle, greatly increasing its importance. My manager was dubious, but I was inexorable, and I appeared in it after one rehearsal,



EDWIN BOOTH



LAWRENCE BARRETT



ADELAIDE NEILSON
As Juliet



JOHN WILKES BOOTH



ANNA PAWLOWA

The celebrated première danseuse and bright particular star of the Russian imperial ballet from the St. Petersburg Opera House, whose performances have created such a sensation in Paris and London. Arrangements have been made for Mme. Pawlowa's appearance in New York next season



"THE FOLLIES," CLEVER TROUPE OF BURLESQUERS AND PANTOMIMISTS
Headed by the irrepressibly humorous H. G. Pelissier, who have amused Londoners this season

of the most remarkable instances of genius in the history of the stage. Yet Miss Cushman did not care for Meg in after years (in the closing epoch of her career she only played Lady Macbeth, Queen Catherine and Meg Merrilies) as she did for the character in which her green girlhood began a great career.

Yet she always distrusted her own mastery of the ideal of the part, largely based on her physical incongruity (she was a robust woman with an exceedingly plain face, which no make-up could ever touch with beauty). Her Lady Macbeth ideal was the same as that of Sarah Siddons, a small, beautiful blonde woman full of the feminine graces. The importance of beauty on the stage she fully recognized. She had never seen Adelaide Neilson, then playing in this country, on or off the stage, and was very curious about her. It particularly interested her when I told her that Miss Neilson had mentioned to me her desire to try Lady Macbeth. She thoroughly believed that versatility was an unerring sign and generally a condition of stage genius; in other words, that genius for comedy was quite apt to co-exist with genius for tragedy. Her own success in comedy had been marked in earlier years, and her Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," which she created in this country, was one of the sensations of its period.

A more perfect contrast could not be conceived to Miss Cushman than Adelaide Neilson, probably the most beautiful and fascinating stage figure of her generation. To perfection in physical comeliness she added a plasticity of feature, which lent itself to every emotion and made each more charming than the last. Large bluish-gray eyes, almost deepening into brown, swimming in light and chameleon-like in their tints, chestnut brown hair, and mouth rather large but exquisite in cut, easily breaking into an enchanting smile, made a facial ensemble which won every beholder by its blending of femininity with versatility of humor. No wonder that she was a veritable sorceress on and off the stage! Her Juliet, her Viola, her Rosalind and her Amy Robsart, the principal rôles in which she played during her American tours, left memories imperishable in her art. That she had a train of adorers throughout the country goes without saying; and she was protected from scandal solely by her own good sense and tact. Her end was

tragic. She left America in 1880 to visit the South of France. One hot day in Paris she drank a glass of cold milk and died suddenly in a restaurant in the Bois. Had it not been for her invincible gaiety of temperament, she would have been a melancholy and unhappy woman, for her dazzling stage success never drugged her desire of simple happiness. Miss Neilson often told me that, were conditions otherwise with her, she could leave the stage without a sigh for a quiet life, though she was then on the very crest of power and public favor. An illustration of what she had to endure shows in the following experience. I called on her on one occasion at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and just as I was making my congé, a card was brought in, whereupon she turned pale and showed every mark of affright. She begged me not to go, and the visitor was ushered in, following hard on the waiter, a sallow, long-haired man, with fierce eyes, and the unmistakable cut of Western dress and manner, one Capt. M—— of Chicago, the literary editor of a newspaper there. He scowled and sat, and sat and scowled for two hours, making his desire to see Miss Neilson alone unmistakable. But he was not permitted this grace, and finally departed with a muttered curse. Miss Neilson then narrated an episode.

"That man was the *bête noir* of my life during my late Southern tour. From St. Louis to New Orleans he haunted me unceasingly, and nothing could shake him off. I frequently refused to see him, but he waylaid me at every turn, at the stage-door and at my hotel, pestering me with his unwelcome attentions. Finally, at New Orleans one day when a prominent official of the city was making a call, Capt. M—— forced his way into my private parlor and was so outrageous in his language and demeanor that my other caller was obliged to intervene. My persecutor then drew a Bowie knife, which he buried six inches deep in the center table, swearing he would do the same to any one who interfered with him.

The police were called in, but on his declaring he would not annoy me further, and apologizing for his violence, he was not arrested." From that sort of wild beast pursuit to approaches more polished but not less dangerous it is probable that Miss Neilson was never free.

A Ballade of Old Players

Where are the players old to-night
That thronged the mimic valleys free,
And filled my soul with mystic light
As, close beside my father's knee,
I strained my youthful eyes to see;
Or grasped in awe his warning hand,
As Brutus struck or turned to flee?
E'en on the sward in fairyland.

That foe in brave King Richard's fight,
And Yorick? Answer where they be;
And solemn lord and jester wight,
Like ghosts they wander back to me;
A knave beside the gallows-tree
Speaks words I cannot understand;
Monarch and queen in love agree—
E'en on the sward in fairyland.

Cassius, the hungry, still doth smite,
Obeying yet the gods' decree;
Roderick and Snowdoune in their might
Are striving for the mastery;
Hazel recounts again her plea,
While Dunstan totters, sightless, grand;
Frochard exacts the beggar's fee,
E'en on the sward in fairyland.

ENVOI

Ah, Prince, how many players bright
Are gone with Rip Van Winkle's band?
I pray thou bring me to their sight—
E'en on the sward in fairyland!

J. J. MEEHAN.



White

Anna Bussert Edwin Wilson
Act II. Baroness Risa (Anna Bussert): "Come back to me!"
SCENE IN "THE GAY HUSSARS" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

All three of the Booth brothers it happened to me to know in a way. John Wilkes Booth I saw first at the Winter Garden Theatre in the winter of 1864-5, where he played Mark Antony to the Cassius of Junius Brutus, and the Brutus of Edwin. The occasion was a benefit performance for the Shakespearian Statue Fund, and it was given just after the close of the famous hundred-night run in "Hamlet," which first made Edwin so famous. There can be no doubt that the subsequent assassin of

Lincoln—that was his last performance on the stage except the terribly sinister one at Ford's Theatre, Washington, some three months later—easily carried off the honors of the occasion. He played with a phosphorescent passion and fire, which recalled to old theatregoers the characteristics of the elder Booth. Sound judges thought that in native genius he surpassed Edwin, and that, had he possessed the sanity, industry and moral balance of that great and good man, he would have become more famous.



White

Act II. Anna Bussert and chorus singing "The Moonlight Serenade"
SCENE IN "THE GAY HUSSARS" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

I saw him shortly afterwards at Washington in a bar-room brawl, and a third time in the great throng which heard Lincoln's inaugural speech, so famous as a model of patriotic eloquence. There was a scowl on the very handsome face of John Wilkes, and he could easily have shot the President from where he stood, and possibly escaped in the panic; but no doubt his diseased vanity craved the more theatrical performance.

I once asked Lawrence Barrett if he did not think that colossal crime to have profoundly affected the career and even the art of Edwin Booth by the radical shock it gave his whole being.

"There can be no doubt of it," said this most intimate of Booth's professional friends. "Those who know Ned the best have always recognized the reserved and solitary nature which looms behind the genuine cordiality and sweet character of the man. It is as if his soul sat in that eternal shadow made so vivid in Poe's 'Raven.' It is not in the least that he is soured or misanthropic, for he is anything but that. It was his almost feminine sensibility and the genuinely poetic side of his character which, under the reaction of that incurable wound, threw him back on himself. That is what it has seemed to me; and

one can easily construe the effect on his art. Ned Booth, the greatest repository of stage tradition at its best in the English-speaking world, long since ceased to have that uneasy speculative temper in his stage methods, which mark so many other fine actors, the exponent as I think of an ambitious and eager spirit. His utmost desire is to polish and perfect to a still finer finish the conceptions and habitudes already crystallized. His interpretations rarely vary, have no ups and downs, no differentiations of mood. But in their stability they command the homage of all his contemporaries." This criticism, if the finest appreciation can be called such, agreed perfectly with my own notion of Edwin Booth, whether as man or as actor, for his underlying sadness, no matter what the surrounding cheer, had always impressed me. I had recently seen him sit silent and moody among his intimate cronies, and only speaking, though always with a sympathetic look, when directly addressed. Yet Booth knew

himself to be the idol of his profession and greatly beloved by his friends, and no man at heart enjoyed their society more.

Lawrence Barrett's stage methods were entirely different. As an artist he was eternally dissatisfied, always striving for a recognized better achievement which he saw in his mind's eye. He had the loftiest ideal of the greatness and importance of the stage as it should be, and he worked incessantly in his own person to realize that. He thought the actor should have a highly cultivated mind through contact with the best living men in every profession and the noblest spirits of the dead. He read widely and sought the acquaintance of distinguished persons; opened all his pores, so to speak, to absorb knowledge and expand his own mental resources. Thus he was a most delightful man to talk with and one of the frankest about himself.

"Did it ever strike you that I play with my voice in my stage elocution?" he once said. I was obliged to confess, with the alleviating remark, that one with such a melodic and resonant voice could be pardoned for such use of it.

"I am not conscious of it," was the musing reply. "I suppose it is the effect of my wish to secure a more effective intonation to



White

KATHERINE GREY
Who will be seen in "The Whirlpool" this coming season

shed a stronger light on the thought. You writers, I believe, when you have a brilliant idea, labor often to hit on that one illuminating word, which, set in the midst of the sentence, makes the whole thought incandescent. It is that same notion that I have about intonation and emphasis. One struggles for it, and so often changes the vocal interpretation. Accordingly, people suspect he is playing conscious tricks with the vanities of the voice." Had Barrett's fluidity of temperament been fully on a par with his brain power he would have stood almost *primus inter pares* in the world of the footlights.

Of the masters of stagecraft I have known, none has made a more vivid and agreeable impression than Charles Wyndham, whose name is a talisman on both sides of the water. I first met him in the West in 1869, two years after he had played at Wallack's for a season as an introduction to the American

(Continued on page ix)



Photo White, N. Y.

BLANCHE BATES

Early last month (August) Miss Bates began her second season in William J. Hurlbut's drama of New York life entitled "The Fighting Hope." Mr. Relasco has booked a long tour which will take the company as far West as the Pacific coast. Miss Bates is a native of Portland, Oregon, but was educated in San Francisco, where she made her first appearance in a one-act play by Brander Matthews. Later she joined the company of T. Daniel Frawley and some years afterwards was engaged by Augustin Daly. She won her first real success in New York as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" after which came her impersonation of Yo-San in "The Darling of the Gods."



THE STAGE IN THE DAY-TIME, WITH PART OF THE AUDITORIUM

The Forest Plays of California

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco has been the owner for many years of a magnificent redwood forest on the banks of the Russian River, eighty miles north of the Sunset City. Here the Club's annual two-weeks' Midsummer Encampment takes place, and here its remarkable forest plays are given amidst surroundings unparalleled for sylvan majesty.

When, fevered and flushed with the haste and din of raving cities, you first set foot in the sacred silences of this forest, and feel its gigantic spell seize upon your soul, when your eye pierces down deep green vistas of shadow or soars up the colossal shafts to the great crowns of the trees bright in the sunshine hundreds of feet overhead, a sense of deep awe and reverence overcomes you. You stand hushed as though under the nave of some cathedral. Often into the eyes of the visitor from Europe or the East tears start unbidden and heads are bared. The

haunting of the forest, its magic charm and benediction, have been cast upon you, and never thenceforth shall your soul be free.

Should you be favored with the rare privilege of spending a happy week or two in the good fellowship of the Bohemians, and, finally, to crown all, have witnessed the unforgettable spectacle of their yearly Forest Play, your remaining days of life will be haunted with potent memories of a rich joy and visions of unfading beauty. Your sojourn in the redwoods will seem like some fair dream, some brief respite in Valhalla or the Land of the Lotus-Eaters, and the most gorgeous drama or opera in the gilded theatres of the city will appear a paltry thing, a play of puppets, backed with palpable artificiality, unnatural lights and settings, tinsel and mechanical trumpery. For you will recall the glory of the moon floating above the towering crests of the redwoods, the solemn hush of the vast colonnades, bursts of music



SCENE IN "THE SONS OF BALDUR." BALDUR BLESSES HIS SONS

rolling gloriously through the night, visions of gods and men, glimpses of armor and torch-fires amidst the trees, a natural stage suffused with a soft and lovely radiance, the chanting of choral harmonies, and golden lines of poetry thrilling the air. It will seem to you like some effect of magic, some prospect vouchsafed you into the mighty festivals of age-old empires, some sumptuous pageant of ancient days.

So closely veiled with secrecy have been these unique performances of the club, that but little of their glamor has made its way from the forest fastnesses into the outer world. To the general public they are all but unknown. Were such an end desired by the Club, these Grove Plays might easily become fixed and powerful attractions in America and draw their audiences from all parts of the Union, or finally, like Bayreuth or Oberammergau, from the world. No newspaper has, as yet, been permitted to report them, though the local press is supplied with an official account of the play.

The distinguished persons who have been the guests of the club have, nevertheless, borne the fame of the Forest Plays far abroad, until critics of the drama all over the world have begun to turn their attention towards California, realizing that here some new and beautiful form of music-drama has slowly been perfecting itself. It is nothing more or less than the creation of a new form of dramatic art, determined by a peculiar environment and a natural development impossible, perhaps, anywhere save in California.

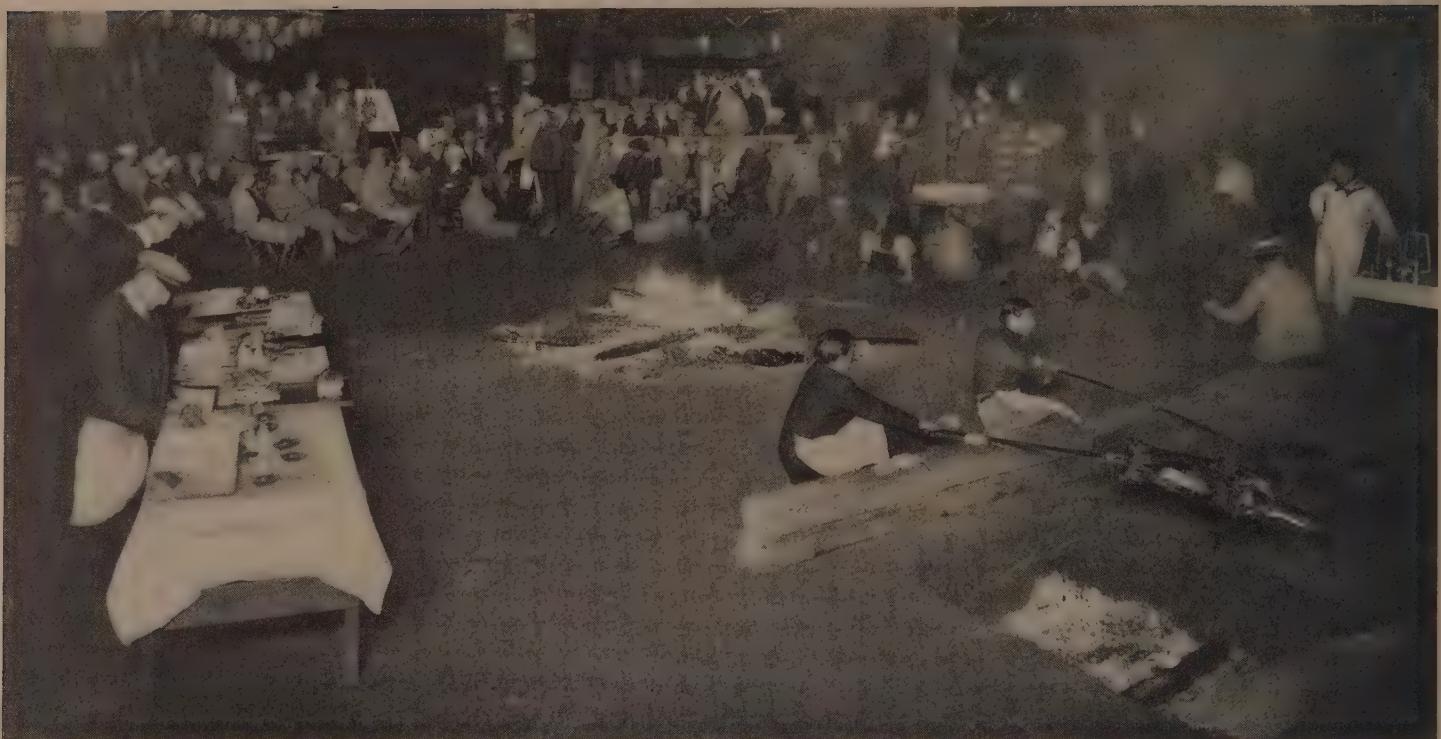
The Bohemian Club was founded in the early 70's by a small group of the most brilliant men in the West—

writers, artists, actors, musicians and epicures. The Club, which is now large, luxurious and well-to-do, was in those days small, simple and poor. Yet the traditions of the early days have survived its growth and the Club, or its deity, the Owl, is still considered the most potent patron of the arts in the West, or as an organization in the United States. It now numbers, all in all, some 1,100 members.

The Midsummer Forest or Grove Plays, so called from the Bohemian Grove where they are given, are a growth and evolution from a far simpler, less formal type of play, or, rather, entertainment, known as the High Jinks. This, in spite of its name, was always of a serious nature, as opposed to the comic, or Low Jinks. Previous to the year 1902, the plays are to be classed as High Jinks, but with the presentation of "The Man in the Forest" in that year, the new form came into being, and has slowly been perfected during the last six years.

The Grove Plays may be said to have almost unconsciously created themselves out of the elements of the drama, the opera, and the old masque and pageant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Yet the mediaeval morality play seems also to have transfused its strain into this novel type of dramatic art, which, strangely enough, has grown, not from conscious imitation, but from a natural conformation to conditions and traditions essentially Californian and Bohemian. The themes of the plays are simple and always embody some struggle between Good and Evil, between Light and Darkness, between Happiness and Care. Mammon in various guises, as the arch enemy of modern man, and,

HALMAR THE STALWART
Chief of the men of the Westland



SCENE AT THE BARBECUE IN THE CIRCLE

indeed, of the entire nation, figures prominently in most Grove Plays. The setting is the natural one of the mighty forest, and its spirits and denizens—elves, tree-spirits, gnomes and woodmen—serve in the spectacle. After the close of the play the old ceremony of the Cremation of Care invariably takes place. The plays also observe strictly the old classic law of the three unities of Time, Place and Person, and are never divided into acts.

"The Man in the Forest"—the poem by Charles K. Field, the music by Joseph D. Redding—was based upon an Indian legend, dealing with the threatened destruction of a tribe through hunger, the prophecy by an owl of the coming of a deliverer, the capture of a pale-face, who announces himself as from the country of Bohemia, the appearance of the ghastly spectre of Care, which is exorcised by the freed captive, who promises protection to the forest and succor to the tribe. At his call the forest lights up and garlanded harvesters appear with corn and fruit for the starving tribe.

The success of this play was in the nature of a surprise and a revelation, and determined to a large extent the form and spirit of the plays that were elaborated from this beginning. It originated, too, the innovation of the naked actor, a fine feature frequently used thereafter.

The author of a play is carefully chosen from among the literary talent of the Club, and is usually a qualified poet. On him is bestowed the honorary title of "Sire," and his power and prerogatives extend through the season of the revels. A composer is likewise selected to set the poet's words to music. Of the highest importance, too, are the offices of

stage-master, master of properties, chorus-master and master of lights, with their staffs of assistants. These duties, as well as the characters of the play and most of the chorus, are assumed entirely by members of the Club, none of them, from the Sire to the supernumeraries, being in anywise paid for their services. The costumes and accessories for the performances are carefully studied and specially designed by artist members, all with an eye to beauty and historical correctness. Months of labor and many thousands of dollars are devoted to this brief performance of one evening. The true Bohemian spirit animates every one, and all strive heartily to make the affair a success, sacrificing their own interests and time for the sake of the play. Much of the splendid artistic success of the Grove Plays must be credited to this laudable spirit of co-operation and to the willingness to work for art and not for money. This lofty quality in an age of hysterical self-assertion and commercial degradation of the drama is something that cannot be too highly prized nor too strongly encouraged. That all this should have been developed in the sunset land of the West, under skies that rival the sapphire of Italy, and amidst trees older than any of the nations of the world, is easily comprehended by those who know how much of the Latin temperament dominates the Californian and how greatly climatic conditions shape mankind and the expression of art.

The stage on which the Grove Plays are enacted is one in which art and nature have contrived a perfect whole of marvellous beauty and utility. Between two enormous trees, which serve as a proscenium, at the base of a steep hill, a stage has been built, as wide and



THE THREE NORNS (IN THE DAY-TIME)

deep as any used in grand opera. From the back of this the hill slopes sharply upward, its incline being broken by smaller stages, platforms, winding paths and side stations, all cunningly, yet naturally, disguised with growing ferns, small trees, rocks and shrubbery and flanked by mighty trunks, which seem to lose themselves in the reaches

of the upper air. The topmost path is 75 feet above the stage and more than 100 feet to its rear. This superb vertical height and sloping depth give opportunities for spectacular effects and atmosphere and distance impossible to produce on the stage of the ordinary theatre. So perfect are the acoustics of this tree-covered hillside and the clearing downward toward the stage that even a moderated-speaking voice is heard perfectly at the rear of the open auditorium. "God Almighty was our stage carpenter for this theatre," an old member once remarked. In front of the stage is a deep pit for a large orchestra, surrounded with ferns. The seats for the spectators are long, prostrate trunks of the redwood, regularly spaced and increasing in diameter up to the last row. The lighting of the stage and hillside is achieved by an elaborate scheme of hidden calcium lights.

In the production of "The Sons of Baldur," in 1908, the usual acetylene footlights were dispensed with, as well as the usual curtain. The stage was rendered black and obscure by two great reflectors to the right and left; these were gradually extin-



Percy Mackaye, the poet dramatist

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House"

Herman Scheffauer, the sire

Henry A. Lafler, writer and editor

A NOTABLE GROUP AT THE LAST ENCAMPMENT

guished as the play opened and the calcium slowly lit up the stage. Mr. Frank Mathieu, the skilled stage director for this performance, is a master of technique and subtle artistry, whose splendid effects might easily vie with those achieved by his fellow-Californian, David Belasco, or Mr. Gordon Craig, of England.

The Yearly Encampment at

the Grove opens a fortnight before the play, which is always set for the last Saturday and close to the full of the moon. Every day brings more members, tents spring up in the open spaces between the trees—Arab, army and house tents, Indian tepees and spacious striped pavilions with courts, private buffets and grills for midnight suppers. An army of servants and workmen are busy about the Grove under the direction of the Captain of the Camp. Cooks and waiters come from the city, and the members dine royally at tables set in great concentric circles in a clearing. And inevitably Old Paul, the Indian, reappears to tend the huge camp-fire around which the Bohemians gather every night for song and story. This fire blazes in the centre of a natural amphitheatre of trees, surrounded by immense seats hewn out of solid lengths of a redwood almost six feet in diameter. The fire sends up its showers of sparks to the stars looking brightly down between the shadowy heads of the trees. A small platform fronts the circle, equipped with a piano for impromptu entertainments. Not far off is the bar, always a centre of



THE CREMATION OF CARE

hilarity. The utmost good fellowship prevails and the minds and hearts of all are mellowed by true camaraderie and Bohemian lightheartedness. A writing tent, barber shop, a masseur, hot and cold baths, a fine swimming place on the Russian River, which bounds the camp on one side; a pretty rustic club châlet, and other luxuries and conveniences, may lessen Bohemian simplicity, but certainly promote creature comfort. Every train from the city adds to the number of members, until on the Thursday or Friday before the crowning event of the play there are five to six hundred men in camp. A special train brings the remainder on the last day. Women are rigidly barred from either attending or participating in the plays.

Old-fashioned barbecues in the style of the early Spanish days, with deep-digged pits of glowing coals and beves and muttons roasted whole and carved by costumed trencher-men, are often held amidst rousing wassail and good cheer. On the Friday night before the play a regular light entertainment takes place in the camp-fire circle—usually a brilliant and original affair, in which the various talents of the members and visitors are utilized. A camp cartoonist and other artists decorate the Grove with their creations, usually of a humorous nature, or symbolical of the play of the year. An open-air studio is provided with all materials. Behind the drawn curtains of the stage mysterious operations and echoing rehearsals go on.

The second Grove Play was entitled "Montezuma," and was written by Louis A. Robertson, the music by Humphrey J. Stewart. It differs from all others, being based rather upon a conventional dramatic episode than the usual Bohemian motifs. It dealt with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, pagan sacrifices and auguries, and closed strongly as the cannon of the Spaniard thundered from afar and his banners and crosses gleamed before the eyes of the Aztec monarch.

The third and one of the most beautiful of the Grove Plays was "The Hamadryads," by Will Irwin, the music by Wm. J. McCoy, the composer of the opera "Cleopatra." Mr. Irwin's argument, in part, follows:

"Here tell we how it came that Cronos set men-spirits in this grove; how Lord Apollo loves these glades, and how he was driven therefrom, leaving the gentle wood-folk in imprisonment and hard distress; how Meledon, Spirit of Care, vilest of the old divinities, being refused dwelling in Limbo, cheerless home of the conquered gods, and in Hell, came to plague the fairest vale of Earth; how the New Power, being supplicated, sent deliverance; and how Apollo, the far-darter, slew Care, bringing joy



From Sketch, London

THE ONLY KNOWN CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

This statuette of Shakespeare, which there seems no doubt is a contemporary portrait, is 15 inches high, and of mulberry-wood. Its pedigree is given as follows: It originally belonged to Shakespeare's sister, Joan, and it is thought that, although it is so roughly carved, it is the work of Gerard Johnson or one of his sons, whose business was carried on within a few doors of the Globe Theatre, Southwark. From it was taken the design for the monument in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. For a good many years the statuette was exhibited at Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon, by direction of Thomas Hart, fifth in direct line from the poet's sister. In 1830, or thereabouts, it was purchased by the family of the late owner. Since that time it has lain in a store-cupboard belonging to an old lady now dead. At present it is the property of

Mr. Hugh Blaker

to the wood-folk and beauty to the sons of men."

One of the most entralling features of this play was the gradual awakening of the trees to life as their trunks glowed faintly and the spirits emerged; another was the slaying of Meledon. The glorious figure of Apollo, white and naked, suddenly appeared, and raising his bow, a bolt of light flashed down the hillside and destroyed Meledon as he hurled defiance at the heavens amidst the liberated hamadryads. Be it remembered that the Bohemians cherish the grand and almost deathless trees of their forest with a feeling of religious reverence.

The fourth Midsummer Play (1905) was called "The Quest of the Gorgon," by Newton Thorp, the music by Theodor Vogt. This was cast in an impressive Greek form; its time was in "the dim Homeric past." There were elaborate settings, such as marble temples between the trees, caves, and vapors ascending from the earth, showers of leaves and air-suspended deities, Phoebus, Perseus, Dionysus, Pan, Hermes, Athene, satyrs, and many other characters appeared.

In the year 1906, three months after the club had lost nearly all its priceless treasures of art in the great fire, there was no Forest Play. In its stead the Cremation of Care was elaborated, and now bore a deeper significance than ever before.

In 1907 the play was written by Mr. George Sterling, a poet of rare powers. Its title was "The Triumph of Bohemia," and it was set to music by Edward J. Schneider. In quality it was highly poetic and sylvan. Its motif was the preservation of the Grove from the ravages of the Four Winds, from Fire, Time and Mammon.

The accompanying photographs from the Grove Play of 1908, "The Sons of Baldur," of which the writer of this article was Sire, were made during a hurried dress rehearsal the afternoon of the play. It gives but the faintest impression of the enchanting and dramatic beauty of the stage pictures at night. The most impressive of these, such as the winding march of the warriors down the hill, the coming of the dragon and the dance of the elves, it was impossible to obtain. Nor has any photograph or description ever given an adequate idea of the unearthly loveliness of the apotheosis of light which of late years has been the crowning feature and climax of the plays. Slowly "the light that never was on sea or land" begins to wake the distant trees to life, a wonderful green glow fills the uttermost depths of the forest and the heavens, until every giant trunk and every bough and sapling stands forth in beautiful tracery, a glorious transfiguration quivering with radiance, while clouds of ghostly fumes



FLORENCE ROCKWELL

This popular young actress, who will be seen next season in the leading feminine rôle of Eugene Presbrey's dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Barrier," is a native of Missouri. When little more than a child she showed such marked ability for recitation that she attracted the attention of Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian, who made a place for her in his company. She made her début as Julie de Mortemar in "Richelieu," and later essayed with success Juliet and other Shakespearian rôles. She was first seen on Broadway with Stuart Robson in Augustus Thomas's play, "Oliver Goldsmith," in which she made a hit in the character of Mary Horneck. Afterwards she joined Henry Miller, and with that actor-manager appeared in "Richard Savage" and "D'Arcy of the Guards." Later she played Hermia in Nat C. Goodwin's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

ascend like censer-smoke—a vision of peerless beauty that strikes the beholder dumb. These colored fires are cunningly placed about the whole hillside and lighted by electric currents from the stage.

Because of the fact of its being the latest Grove Play, as well as the necessity of interpreting the photographs, a detailed description of "The Sons of Baldur" will be given, as furnished by the Sire to Mr. Porter Garnett for his excellent treatise upon the plays.

The Sire's formal announcement or invitation began:

From ruts and rounds of brazen-footed toil,
Where souls flag heavily in howling marts,
And peace is price of time; from counters gilt
As much with blood as sweat of bartering,
And shocks endured when bruising Traffic binds
Your bodies to his maddened chariot-spokes;
From launching of new ships of enterprise
And arduous travail fixed in many spheres,
Unto the pure, thrice-sainted Grove your Sire
Now calls you straightly.

Then followed a brief poetic synopsis of the plot; after that came an exposition of the spiritual meanings underlying the play.

A Norse theme was chosen by the author as particularly adapted for presentation in the forest. The music for the songs and choruses was composed by Mr. Arthur Weiss, and some 112 persons took part in the play.

The stirring overture had closed, the great reflectors were dimmed and slowly the stage was lit up in the spectral light of diffused calciums. It is night in a mystic region of the Land of Midgard. The moon faintly reveals the huge trees and the three Norns or Norse Fates seated atop three great boulders, whose fronts are graven with runes. Preparations have been made for a feast; a rude table and great Norse chair are visible. The trunks of the trees are garnished with skulls of horses and oxen, spears, shields and skins. The Norns, in solemn foreboding and rhythmic speech, discourse of the past, present and future and the fate of men. Then all three disappear in a flash of lightning which heralds the approach of Loki, the crafty Spirit of Evil, inflamed with wrath against men and their devotion to Baldur. Loki in some measure typifies the Spirit of Mammon, the arch-enemy of Bohemian ideals. He is red and naked, with a huge serpent about his neck and his hair in the shape of flames, and he rises from a rock which splits asunder and bathes him in a glare of nether fire. After a speech full of malignity he throws the seed and instrument of evil in the shape of gold against the base of a tree and vanishes.

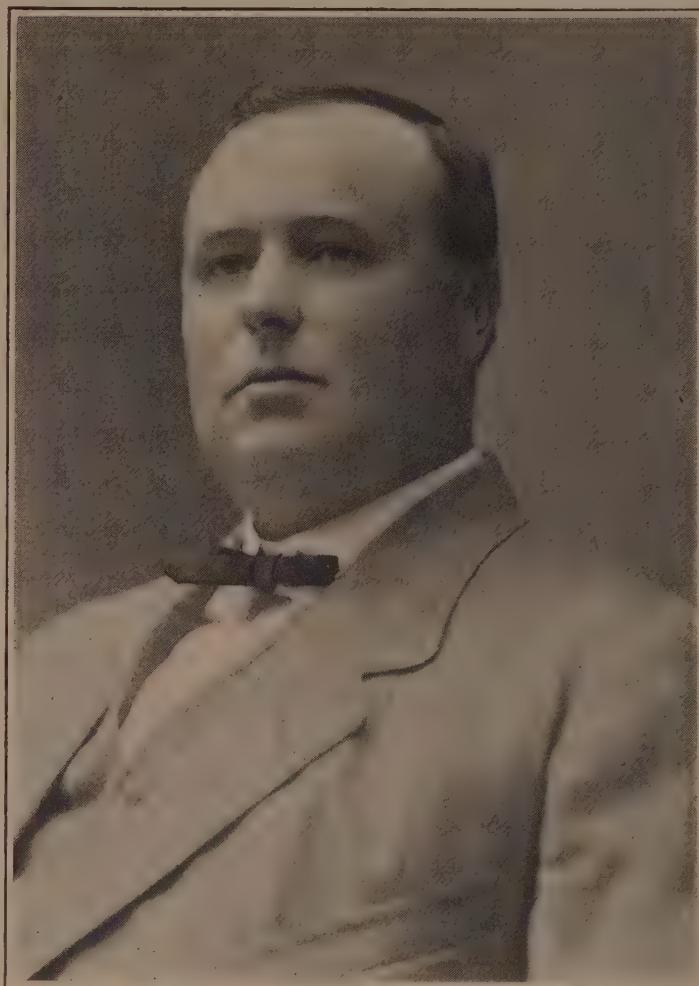
The first warrior, an imposing figure, enters. He shakes his shield; thralls appear, light fires and prepare the feast. His horn-blasts are answered from afar and the music begins, sounding the march of the warriors as they approach chanting their battle-hymn.

A most beautiful spectacle was here unfolded. The thralls ran busily about the two stages lighting the fires and iron cressets; the great flames, leaping and crackling, mingled with the mellow glow of the changed calciums and made the settings bright as day. The whole hill grew alive with lines and groups of warriors carrying torches streaming with flame, which threw a ruddy glow and glint on helmets, arms and shields as the men came marching down and across the inclined paths, some of them far to the right and left, and entering picturesquely upon the stage from all sides, singing their stirring hymn.

These warriors returning from battle typified the Bohemians themselves, come from the daily struggles and cares of existence. Their chieftain is Halmar the Stalwart. He welcomes them, embodying in his words their hopes, their strivings, their worship of "Odin's gentler son—Bright Baldur, god of Good and Happiness."

A venerable soothsayer speaks of the Ashtree of Life, of the Norns and of Nidhugg, the horrible dragon in league with Loki, and invokes the blessing of Baldur.

The feast begins and a brilliant scene is made by the was-sailing warriors. One of them, slightly intoxicated, and a type of the Joy of Life, sings rousing of wine and drinking, the chorus lustily supporting him. He is followed by one who expresses the desire for woman and sings in a softer, more sensuous strain. A wounded warrior, borne in on a litter, has followed the revelling in pathetic dumb-show. Halmar sees him, bids the carousing cease and the war-



EDWARD LOCKE, AUTHOR OF "THE CLIMAX"

Edward Locke was born in England in 1869. His parents came to America, and the boy was placed in the public school at Boston. Later the Lockes moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., where they were engaged in the glass-blowing business. Young Locke worked in his father's factory. Afterwards he was reporter on the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. It was during this period that he attempted to write plays. Some years ago Mr. Locke came to New York to secure an engagement as an actor and appeared in the rôle of the Walking Delegate in "The Music Master." While acting Mr. Locke wrote a number of vaudeville sketches and some half-dozen melodramas. "The Climax" is Edward Locke's first play of a serious nature.

riors to drink, "not to the living—drink unto the dead and to the dying!" The wounded man, draining his horn and brandishing his broken sword, sings *The Song of the Dying*. He falls dead. Flashes play across the heavens and the weird, thrilling calls of the Valkyries are heard from the clouds. The warriors mourn over their comrade and Halmar and the soothsayer speak movingly of death.

Soon upon this the warriors find Loki's gold, a quarrel ensues and a spectacular and realistic combat with swords takes place between two sturdy Berserkers, amidst clamor and uproar. Halmar parts the fighters and mourns that the sanctity of the Grove should have been violated. The convivial warrior, deep in his cups, sings mockingly to the fighters, "Good wine is more than gold."

The song of a bird suddenly trills forth from the tree-tops, and the warriors, after listening, resume the feast. Then enters a fair youth announcing Hilding, a famous skald or singer, and the soothsayer points out to the men the value and significance of the poet to the tribe. Hilding, a hale, grey-bearded man, enters, is given greeting and drink, and sings in a noble strain upon the three eternal themes of Wine, Woman and Song, the woods ringing with his masterful voice and the sixty voices in the chorus.

(Continued on page viii)



MARIE DELINA, FAMOUS FRENCH CONTRALTO, WHO WILL MAKE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS SEASON
Marie Delina, who was born in Paris in 1875, was originally a waitress in a wineshop in the suburbs of Paris, and it was her custom to sing to amuse the patrons of the shop. A director of the Paris Opera House happened to hear her and was so struck by the beauty of her voice that he encouraged her to study with a view to taking up an operatic career. She made her débüt in 1892 at the Opera Comique in the rôle of Jidon in Berlioz's opera "Les Troyens," and immediately made a great triumph. Other operas in which she appeared with great success were "Werther," "L'Attaque du Monin," "Falstaff," "La Vivandière," "La Jacquerie." In 1895 she made her débüt at the Paris Grand Opera House as Fidès in "Le Prophète."

The Coburn Players in "Canterbury Pilgrims"



Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

SCENE IN PERCY MACKAYE'S PLAY, "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS"

In this age of stage commercialism, when the serious side of the theatre was never more neglected, it is surprising to find a group of players able and willing to forego the selfish considerations of their day and devote themselves entirely to the presentation of the poetic drama. Starting some five seasons ago, with little else but enthusiasm and a belief that the public would patronize good plays worthily presented, a young actor, Charles Douville Coburn, gathered around him a few players of optimistic tendencies and sallied forth in Shakespearian plays given in groves of trees or on grassy banks at universities. Probably few can realize the boldness of these Quixotic actors, who, almost unknown, without financial backing, buoyed only by faith and enthusiasm, ventured forth to present Shakespeare to an indifferent public. "As You Like It" was the first selection, and, despite the fact that the play was well acted and apparently much enjoyed by those who witnessed it, a two weeks' season was all that could be booked, and the disappointed yet not discouraged players were forced to return to New York.

Mr. Coburn took an engagement for the winter, and by rigid economy saved enough to start another summer season. Again failure met his efforts, and after struggling through a six weeks' season, during which "Twelfth Night" also was presented, he was forced to disband his company. For a third time he ventured his hard-earned capital in the cause of standard plays, and at last fortune smiled upon him. This season was the turning point in the career of "The Coburn Players." The public awoke to the merits of their performances and their seasons have grown until this past year they played over eighteen weeks in the open air. They closed on August 15th but will re-open about the middle of October for a season indoors at universities and theatres, which will run until the soft airs of spring lure them again into the open.

Several years ago, when the piece was still in manuscript, E. H. Sothern announced his intention of producing "The Canterbury Pilgrims." It was his purpose

to present it in semi-Elizabethan style at matinées. Whether or not he found that the wife of Bath overshadowed Geoffrey Chaucer as a dramatic proposition, the fact remains that the piece never saw the footlights under his direction, and it remained for the Coburn Players to produce for the first time in this city Mr. Percy Mackaye's historical comedy, which they did before a large and appreciative audience in the open-air theatre at Columbia University on the campus north of the gymnasium on July 28 last.

It is an earnest band of Thespians which Mr. Coburn has gathered together under his banner. Their earnestness and intelligence, however, are not entirely in accord with their powers of expression, for while they imparted a vast amount of atmosphere to the presentation of the piece, their efforts at times suggested the highly trained work of a band of college students. If it was

not a great performance which they gave of Mr. Mackaye's comedy they still suggested its admirable points, and showed that with trained and competent players, and appropriate scenery and costumes, the work makes a very positive appeal to the great general public. The following was the cast:

Richard II, Ivan F. Simpson; John of Gaunt, George Williams; The Archbishop of Canterbury, Francis Grey; Geoffrey Chaucer, Charles Douville Coburn; The Knight, Frank Peters; The Squire, Norbert A. Myles; The Man-of-Law, Charles Kennedy; The Franklin, J. J. Kennedy; The Host, Charles Kennedy; Joanne, Ivan F. Simpson; The Friar, Augustin Duncan; The Summoner, Edward Cutler; The Pardoner, George Williams; The Miller, Charles H. Henderson; The Shipman, John Tupper; The Cook, Earl Burnside; The Plowman, Herbert Hands; The Haberdasher, William Wingate; The Carpenter, R. E. Cole; The Weaver, Charles Burnham; The Dyer, Henry Foster; The Tapicer, J. S. Wolfe; A Herald, John Kingston; The Prioress, Ivah Wills; The Wife of Bath, Helen Harrington; Johanna, Hazel MacKaye; Mistress Bailey, May Morgan; The Serving Maid, Elise Williamson.

"The Canterbury Pilgrims," which is in four acts, has already been printed in book form. It not only contains much that is charmingly poetical, but the archaic comic spirit of the times is conveyed with such freshness and technical skill that the interest is splendidly sustained throughout, and the impression derived is one of extreme effectiveness. This early work by Mr. Mackaye is a comedy



AUGUSTIN DUNCAN AS THE FRIAR



Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

CHARLES DOUVILLE COBURN AS CHAUCER

and also as the Prioress' priest denoted a neat bit of quaint character. Charles Douville Coburn presented a striking appearance as the author of the Canterbury Tales, but his reading of the lines was thin and deficient in the spirit of poetry. Norbert A. Miles as the Squire, Charles Kennedy as the Man-of-Law, Chas. H. Henderson as the Miller and Miss Ivah Wills as the Prioress were well in the picture, but Miss Hazel MacKaye was sadly artificial as Joanna, the Marchioness of Kent. The Widow was acted by

of intrigue devised with much ingenuity, wherein the much be-widowed Alisoun outwits the poet, but loses her matrimonial prize, through the not over sportsman-like decision of no less a personage than Richard II. The types of the Chaucerian period are capitally differentiated, and the movement rapid and logical. Augustin Duncan deserves much praise for his stage management, while his performance of the hilarious lisping Friar Huberd was of superlative histrionic value. Ivan F. Simpson as the King portrayed the manners of Richard with becoming skill,

Miss Helen Harrington with much infectious good humor and compelling uncouth. The stage settings were prettily rural, and Professor Charles Louis Safford's music contributed much to the artistic balance. At Gloucester, Mass., on August 4 last, the Coburn Players gave a pageant as part of the town's festivities in honor of the 286th anniversary of the settlement of Gloucester by the Pilgrims. President Taft had planned to take part in the celebration, but the long session of Congress made it impossible. The pageant was given at Stage Fort Park, and was an outdoor production of

"The Canterbury Pilgrims," with a cast of almost 2,000 persons. Eric Pape, who developed the artistic elements, was master of the pageant. Walter Damrosch composed the music. The scene of the production was, says a correspondent of the *World*, most picturesque. On a stage 175 feet long and 80 feet deep were assembled the hundreds of players garbed in the costumes of the period they represented. A curtain of pyrotechnics screened the stage from the audience in the huge amphitheatre between the acts.



Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

MISS IVAH WILLS AS THE PRIORESS



Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

MATINEE PERFORMANCE OF "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS" GIVEN BY THE COBURN PLAYERS AT BRYN MAWR COLLEGE LAST JUNE



ELIZABETH BRICE
Who plays Louise, Countess of Altenstein



GEORGIA CAINE
Who plays the title rôle



LURA WENTWORTH
Who plays Ruth Rittenhouse

THREE ACTRESSES WHO HAVE ATTRACTED ATTENTION IN "THE MOTOR GIRL" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

The Gloomy Life of the Understudy

A TALL, well-dressed young man, with mobile lips, fine eyes and a somewhat nervous manner, stepped from the stage-door of a theatre in the Forties, where a popular drama was running. An actor, at a glance. He lighted a cigar and looked about him with the discontented air of one who had more time than he knew what to do with. A cheery voice—that of another actor—hailed him from the other side of the street:

"Hello, Jim! Anything doing?"

The tall young man shook his head wearily.

"No, but I've got to hang around for an hour, at least. Dowling is afraid he won't be able to go on. Says he feels as if he'd swallowed a stick of Number Six grease-paint. But he isn't on till the second act, and he hopes he'll feel better by the time he is 'made up.' If he doesn't——"

"You'll have to put on your little warpaint and tomahawk the scene, eh?" laughed the other. "Have you got the lines down all right?"

"Lord! Yes. Dowling has only a bit, anyhow. It didn't take much study to hang that on my brain-hooks. Besides, I've played the part three times already, so I have it clamped."

"Dowling gives you more to do than any of them, doesn't he?"

"So far, yes. But I've studied every male part in the piece—seven altogether. What's more, I have all the costumes, including wigs. I can dress and play any of them at a minute's notice. That's what an understudy is paid for."

"Rather a snap, I should call it," was the somewhat envious comment of the other actor, as he strolled away to look for a game of pool at the "Lambs."

The tall young man gazed after his fellow-professional with a somewhat disgusted expression, and finding a sympathetic listener at his elbow poured his woes into that convenient receptacle.

"He's the third man who has told me that same thing this

evening," he grumbled. "Rather a snap! It is one of the delusions of the theatrical business that an understudy has an easy thing of it. It looks so, too, viewed superficially—drawing a salary merely for reporting to the stage manager at each performance, and keeping within reach for an hour or two after the curtain goes up. But when you try it, you find it is mighty hard work, and that you earn every dollar you get. This is my first experience, and I never want another. I would rather play a part regularly."

"What are your objections to being an understudy?" asked the sympathetic one.

"There are a hundred of them. One is that you are lonely. You are obliged to lead a solitary life most of your time. Of course, I am speaking of the man who is only an understudy, and who has no part of his own in the play. In all companies it is the custom for actors to understudy each other, so that in case of the sudden sickness of some individual, the cast can be shifted about to fill the gap, with some one 'doubling' if there is no outsider handy to come to the rescue. But when an actor is engaged, as I am, to study all the parts, and to be ready to fill in anywhere at the drop of the hat, he is in a different position. When I come down to the theatre each day I never know whether I shall be called on to play the leading part, or be told that there is nothing. Either way, it is decidedly wearing on the nerves. I am worn to a frazzle."

He didn't look it. On the other hand, he seemed exceedingly "fit," as he marched up and down outside the blank rear wall of the theatre, puffing fiercely at his cigar.

"You see," he continued, "it is such a thankless job. An understudy's name never gets into the program. No matter how good his work may be, he enjoys no credit. Most of the audience take it for granted that the part is played by the regular man, and the

few who know it is done by an understudy will either say it is 'rotten,' or, if they are honest enough to admit their pleasure in his efforts will add, nine times in ten, 'Yes, this man is pretty fair, but you ought to see Blinks in the part. He created it, you know. If I'd known he wasn't in the cast, I wouldn't have come. It's an outrage to advertise Blinks, and then give us someone else.' That's what the understudy gets."

"Rather hard."

"Yes, but you can't blame the public, either. Blinks' name is on the program as appearing in this character, and the people expect to see him. They want him, even if he is nothing like so good an actor as the man who temporarily takes his place. That's what makes me mad."

"But you have more time to yourself than if you were playing at every performance, haven't you?"

"Well, yes. That is one of the understudy's few advantages," he conceded. "This piece has been going for months, and I have not been called on more than half a dozen times in all that period. It has given me an opportunity to see every other production in New York, which is a good thing for an actor. If it were not for that, I think I should have gone melancholy mad. But there is another side even to that. Even though I go to the other theatres a great deal, I never can give my undivided attention to the performance. I am always expecting a summons to rush around to my own theatre and jump in, to play one of the seven parts I have studied. I never know which one, either. That is what is so trying on a fellow."

"You are something like a popular doctor, aren't you?"

"Yes, I daresay a physician in a theatre feels about as I do. He is liable to be dragged out of his seat in the middle of a good scene, just as I am, and he doesn't know whether it is to prescribe for some wealthy woman patient with a nervous headache, or to perform an operation for appendicitis. In either case, he must go in a hurry when he is called. It is the same with me. Blinks, the leading man, may have suddenly collapsed in a fit of acute indigestion, or Dowling, who does only a 'bit,' may have sprained his ankle—or his voice. I must scurry around to the theatre, hustle into my 'make-up,' and show myself before the footlights before I have had time to get my mind away from the play I have been looking at on another stage. In such a case as this the person I am understudying may have played an act, or even two. That makes it harder still. I have to go on where he leaves off, pretending to myself and the audience that I am the other actor, as well as the character represented by both of us in this one performance. Isn't that wheels within wheels?"

"Yet it is all useful experience, I should say. It tends to versatility, surely."

The tall young man scattered the ash from his cigar with a vicious flip.

"Not so much as you may think," he replied. "The understudy is required to play each part in the same way as the regular man. Every bit of stage business and every inflection of the voice is expected to be identical. The audience is not supposed to know there has been a change in the cast. When I go on as Blinks, I am assumed to be Blinks. I pride myself on my skill in 'make-up,' and I can look like Blinks. Moreover, I can walk, talk and sit down like Blinks. But, after all, it is only an imitation of another actor, which is but a poor exercise of the art of acting. Blinks makes believe he is the character in the drama, and I make believe that I am the make-believe."

"That calls for versatility."

"Well, yes, I suppose it does, only that, from an artistic point of view, it is not worth while," was the gloomy response. "Who is Blinks that I should waste my talents in representing *him*? When the part was put into his hands, before the first production of the play, he was allowed to study the character at his leisure, and at last to offer his conception of it in conjunction with the author and stage manager. He had a free rein. He was not called on to imitate anyone. He was entrusted with the part to do as he liked with it, because the author and management be-



Sarony

GENEVIEVE KANE

Playing Mrs. Spangler in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," and previously seen in a vaudeville sketch

lieved he could give it life. Well, he did give it life. I do not deny for a moment that his work is good. It is even excellent. But what does that mean for me? Only that I must make my imitation absolutely faithful to the original. I must not use ideas of my own on the character, but must interpret it according to Blinks' notion of what it should be. I am not the character itself, but a Blinks echo. If I venture to put a little extra verisimilitude into it the audience only says what a fine actor Blinks is, and that he is becoming better and better as time goes on."

The cigar had been smoked so rapidly, as the tall young man

bewailed his hard lot, that there remained only an inch or so. He hurled it into the gutter with as much force as he might have used to send it into the complacent countenance of Blinks, if he could have had his way. Perhaps it was as well that Blinks was not present.

"It is exasperating, no doubt," ventured the sympathizer, soothingly.

"I could stand even that, without complaining, if it were the only unpleasant feature of this sort of thing," continued the understudy in a calmer tone. "But it is the perpetual loafing that wears me down. I dare not go out of reach of the stage manager's ten fingers at any time. I am virtually a prisoner, for I have to keep within the dead-line, and I can't even kill the monotony by breaking stones or making door-mats."

He did not look the kind of young man who would want to work on a rock-pile or weave cocoanut-fibre, but the sympathizer made no remark to that effect, and the disgruntled understudy went on:

"If I go to see a performance at another house, I must be sure to give my stage-manager the number of my seat, so that I can be found at once if I am wanted. I haven't been to Coney Island or Manhattan Beach this summer, and don't expect to. I hardly remember what the sea looks like, and I don't believe I'd know how to get into a bathing suit, it's so long since I have had one on. I'd bet ten dollars I've forgotten how to swim. I remain on this side street so much that I'd be afraid to venture on Broadway, because I don't believe I'd know how to keep out of the way of the street cars, or I might be kidnapped by the newsboys and held for ransom. If I am hungry, I dare not drop into a restaurant without first telling which one I have selected. If I meet a friend and visit a café for a highball and a chat, I must cut the confab short, and nearly choke myself by hurling my drink down my throat too quickly for safety, so that I can rush back to the stage-door. In fact, I am always busy, but hardly ever at work. I am like the spare tire on a motor-car—never thought of or cared for until something breaks down. Then I am yanked into action so violently that it's a wonder I don't blow up. I am an accident—I just happen. That's all. Don't you see how it must destroy a man's self-respect?"

"I never regarded an understudy in that light before. Nevertheless, there must be some compensations. What about the salary? Isn't that worth considering? Does it not lessen the agony of being an accident?"

"Certainly," admitted the actor. "They pay me well, or I would not do it. The management knows what I am worth, and I draw as much money as if I were playing every night. You see, there is always the possibility of my being required to go on for weeks at a stretch, and only an artist in whom the stage-

manager has confidence could be engaged to understudy everybody as I do."

"Then it is rather a big thing to be an understudy, it seems to me," said the sympathetic friend.

"In a way it is. I can't deny that. I am only saying that it is a hard, nerve-wearing life, and that I do not enjoy full credit for my ability."

"Well, who does?"

"That's true," assented the tall young man, brightening up a little. "This is a world of disappointments and injustice. I suppose I'm not the only person in New York whose light is hidden under a bushel. Only sometimes I feel as if I were prostituting the talents heaven has given me by merging my identity in that of others. If you were an actor, you would understand my feelings. Remember, I do not invariably get good parts. In fact, it is usually the subordinate people in a company who give out. Blinks is nearly always in good condition. Even when he isn't, he insists on playing so long as he can stand up. He is afraid to let me take his place, and he never does if he can help it. The public might find out that somebody else is in his rôle, and decide that the understudy is more convincing than himself. Some actors are jealous, you know."

"I have heard that."

"Yes, and it applies particularly to Blinks. However, he need not worry. I shan't be understudying him next season. The management intends to star me in a new play, and I shall have a part that will make them all sit up and take notice."

"With someone to understudy you, eh?"

The tall young man drew himself up haughtily.

"Understudy me?" he ejaculated,

with a short laugh of derision. "Not much! This part I am to have will be away over the head of any ordinary understudy. I expect to study it night and day for six months before I do it on the stage. Then it will make the greatest sensation ever known in a Broadway theatre. No, sir. If I should be taken sick at any time, the house must close. The play has been written for me, and my part is one of those—coming only once in a generation—which only the one person can fill."

Just then a flustered-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves, whom anyone would know for a stage-manager, came surging out of the stage doorway and seized the tall young man by the elbow.

"Dowling is too sick to go on, and I'm holding the curtain for the second act. Hurry up and get ready. I'll give you five minutes. Great Cæsar! Get a hustle on!"

There was a shuffling of feet, the sympathetic one was shoved out of the way, against the wall, and the understudy and stage-manager were swallowed up in the dark stage entrance together.

GEO. C. JENKS.



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The Forest Plays of California

(Continued from page 94)

A strange trouble, as of some impending danger, soon after makes itself felt, and a few of the chief warriors peer anxiously into the depths of the woods. The inner soul of Hilding is keenly conscious of this boding sense of peril, and he exclaims: "Hark! all Alfheim runs and screams!"

Faint twinkling lights and the fluttering robes of the White Elves in flight are seen as they cross the upper spaces of the hill. They wail piteously as they flee. The flight of these gentle spirits, the guardians of the Grove, portends ill for all. Immediately after, the Black Elves, Loki's familiars, are heard in pursuit of the White. The Black Elves swing torches of red sparkling fire and utter hideous cries. These elves were splendidly represented by twelve little boys from the neighboring villages. A warrior calls attention to a dull red glow which becomes visible against the western skies. All are in doubt as to its meaning; some deem it morn, others the flames of Muspelheim, the world of fire, or the red beard of the god Thor. The soothsayer, rising to heights of awful majesty, confounds them all by declaring it to be Ragnarok—the Twilight of the Gods. The men groan, the glare grows brighter, gloom falls upon the desolated feast and the darkening stage. Halmar and the first warrior speak in tones of sublime resignation to the irresistible fate of all, now and again interrupted by the monotonous call of the prostrate men: "O, Baldur, O shield us!" The awful light grows ever more fierce and more imminent, and soon the voice of a peasant rings out of the woods, and a few moments later in he rushes, a startling figure of terror and dismay, and shrieks forth that some dread monster is destroying the land.

Halmar cries aloud in joy that it is not Ragnarok, and bids his men "arouse and arm 'gainst Loki and his son!" Instantly the figure of Loki blazes forth half-way up the hill in a burst of crimson light. He exults over the wretched men and fiercely curses them. Halmar defies him, and he and his chiefs urge the warriors to resist. The men, cowed by Loki, still call on Baldur. Halmar bids Hilding lift a prayer to the god.

As the words and beautiful music of this great anthem rise through the woods, the play slowly soars to a dramatic climax, amidst the increasing glare of the nearing fire and the crash of toppling trees, as the dragon makes his way through the forest. The prayer ends and the flames leap high between the trees; the monster, hideously vague and formidable, is seen crawling down the hillside, belching white mist and fire. He appears and disappears on the winding path. When the huge dragon has reached a tree of mighty girth near the second stage, the resplendent form of the god Baldur, robed in white and armed with two long silver spears, appears on a jutting crag. The dragon, who had none of the serio-comic character common to the grand opera species of dragon, but bore an appearance truly repulsive and terrible, like some prehistoric yet natural monster engendered in darkness, lifts his fearful head, spouts fire at the god, and is slain. Baldur smiles upon his sons and extends over them his long silver spear crowned with white lilies. The red glow dies down as the dragon perishes and a golden effulgence begins to break about Baldur. Now a mighty paean of praise is lifted by the chorus and the play mounts steadily into a final climax of music, light and tableau. The starry lights of the White Elves are seen returning in joyous dance. The final hymn ends grandly and Baldur vanishes, yet the great glory of the illuminated woods abides for some time, like the visible presence of the joy he has brought to his sons. The head of Nidhugg, which has been severed by the swords of the warriors, is placed on a litter of crossed lances and borne in a triumphal procession, which immediately marches off the stage to the wide-sunken glade where the monster is cremated as the embodiment of Care. Here impressive ceremonies take place. An invocation is given and then the benediction.

The pyre is set afire, the warriors dance about it in a great circle, colored fires and volleys of stars shoot into the heavens, and the Bohemians feel that they are once more freed from accursed Care. A merry supper follows this. On the following morning, which is Sunday, a dignified concert is given, then follows lunch, and in the afternoon a special train bears most of the revellers back to the city, their hearts regenerated and refreshed in spirit through their communion with beauty, with nature and with their fellows.

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Players of Yesterday

(Continued from page 86)

histrionic sphere. He had already been here in a different capacity, for he served as an army surgeon with the Union forces during the Civil War, and an excellent one at that. He studied and passed his degree at both Heidelberg and Edinburgh. But the stage had too imperious an allure. Wyndham played his company through the West with a good deal of success, and was under contract to reopen Crosby's Opera House, which had been reconstructed during the summer into one of the most beautiful theatres of the country. But that fateful Monday night in October saw Chicago in a litter of ashes and chaos, for the bell of doom had tolled. Three days afterward, wandering through that gray waste with poor Wyndham (he veritably thought himself so, for all his profits had been in a Chicago bank), we met accidentally the bank president. Wyndham greeted him dolefully, and would not have dared ask him about money. But the man of business spoke up briskly: "When you want money come and see us; we are paying everything in full down at our shanty on the lake front."

Tears rushed into the actor's eyes, for he was overcome. "My God!" said he to me, "did you ever hear or see anything like it? That's magnificent business, but it is still more wonderful as part of a magnificent epic, the epic of re-creation." He closed his American tour by a season at the first new theatre built in Chicago after the fire.

Sir Charles Wyndham to-day is the owner and manager of three theatres, and is recognized as the most brilliant comedian of the English-speaking stage. No man has ever surpassed him in ease and *savoir faire* as an actor, in limpid simplicity and naturalness, depriving art of all its artifice and giving a *vraisemblance* to its forms which secures the finest illusion of the actor's craft. As friend and comrade, no one, assuredly, could be more whole-hearted and delightful in companionship. May it be long before he joins those others who have become ghostly, if still inspiring, memories.

G. T. F.

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Richard Golden Dead

Richard Golden, a well-known and delightful comedian, died suddenly on August 10 last while on board the house-boat "Stroller," moored off the Brooklyn Yacht Club in Gravesend Bay. The actor had long been suffering from acute Bright's Disease, but at the time of his death he seemed to be improving. He was the guest of John Newton Porter, owner of the house-boat, at the time he was stricken.

Richard Golden was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1854, and made his first appearance on the stage at the early age of thirteen in the rôle of a servant. Before this he had shirked his school duties to join a circus. His first real appearance on the legitimate stage occurred, in 1870, when he appeared in comic opera, a field in which he ultimately achieved great success. It was four years later, says the *Dramatic Mirror*, that he first appeared in Edward E. Rice's production of "Evangeline," and it was in that extravaganza that he made his New York début, June 4, 1877, playing the Irish policeman, Ringbolt. This appearance took place at the New Fifth Avenue Theatre. In the cast with Mr. Golden were Nat C. Goodwin, Henry E. Dixey, and other well-known players. Later in the same burlesque, Mr. Golden was seen with casts including Sol Smith Russell and Lizzie McCall. In November, 1881, at the Metropolitan Casino, a theatre on the site now occupied by the Broadway Theatre, the comedian appeared in "The Bells of Corneville," as Gobo. Next he was seen in "The Merry War," and in 1882, also, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, he appeared as Murgatroyd in "Patience" and Rocco in "The Mascot." After a visit to England he appeared at the Bijou Theatre in 1887 in "A Circus in Town," and in 1889 he was seen with the Duff Opera Company at the Standard in "The Queen's Mate."

In 1889 Mr. Golden appeared at the Union Square Theatre, for the first time, in "Old Jed Prouty," a comedy of which he was part author. In this piece he toured the United States for several seasons, appearing in the rôle about 3,000 times. Later appearances were in "The Princess of Thebizonde" and "The Fortune Teller." In 1900 he was seen as Chamberlain in "The Princess Chic." Then came his appearance in "The Foxy Quiller" and "King Dodo." Last year he acted in vaudeville, and in a piece called "A Case of Divorce" made his last New York appearance at the Colonial Theatre.

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Some New Plays

(Continued from page 77)

attempts to buy up the one railroad that supplies its facilities, that by "car shortage, secret rebates to its rivals," etc., he may force it into line. But how about the Sherman Anti-Trust law? John Le Baron, son of a one-time dominating personage in the Street, loses his daughter, and owns a controlling interest in the railroad. He has high ideals of moral responsibility and refuses to become a partner in a deal which he describes as indefensibly monstrous and unpatriotic. Here the necessary clash of interest is premised, and what follows can be easily imagined. But it is with no little strength of suspense that Miss Porter works out her battle for the control of the road. It is in her scenes between the men that she is at her best, and two of these are expressed with much forcible directness and truth. Her comedy scenes, however, are perfectly conventional, and the entire second act, a splendid scenic realization of a yacht at sea, could be entirely and properly eliminated. Of course, Le Baron wins out, gains the girl's hand, and convinces his prospective father-in-law that greed is not to be tolerated in the gospel of humanity. Arthur Byron gives a vigorous and manly interpretation of the altruistic but practical "son of his father," and a splendidly conceived and executed sketch of character is contributed by Edward Emery as ex-Senator Craven. Equally good for its dignity and reserved strength is the work of George Howell as Hillary. Frederick Burton, as another financier of dubious worth, and William Rosell, in the light comedy lead, contribute to an ensemble of men quite remarkable for its balance and finish.

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LIBERTY. "THE FLORIST SHOP." Farce in three acts by Oliver Herford. Produced August 9 with this cast:

Justine, Adelaide Orton; First Workman, Tovell Smith; Second Workman, C. A. Chandos; Third Workman, Claude Heckinger; Michael Angelo, John Hines; Angelica Perkins, Marion Lorne; Clarence Perkins, Lionel Walsh; Josiah Perkins, Richard F. Freeman; Miranda, Anna L. Bates; Cabman, Charles J. Ball; Irene Baxter, Louis Drew; Richard Baxter, Richard Sterling; Rev. Cadwalader Cope, John Thomas; Claudine Benoit, Nina Morris; Madeline, Gwendolyn Lowrey; Loulou, Nelly Roland; Mrs. Brown, Dorothy Parker; Mrs. Jones, Gabrielle Bacot; Mrs. Robinson, Georgiana Wilson; Ethel Correne Uzzell; Policeman, Towell Smith; Parker, William A. Evans; Detective, Claude Heckinger; Hallboy, John Hines; Janitor's Wife, Gabrielle Bacot; Janitor, Charles J. Ball.

"The Florist Shop" is an adaptation which makes a salacious muddle of a German farce by Alexander Engel and Julius Horst. Many changes and additions or interpolations have been made. New and bright lines are there with a good deal of our American stage vulgarity. It is suggestive enough in the original. If the action of the piece has been tampered with, dislocations, and not complications, have been the result. The original title of the farce, "Glueck bei Frauen," indicated Unity, the one idea being that of the Ladykiller. Here the title puts the center of interest in a florist shop, the shop, in point of fact, being merely incidental. The idea looks good on paper, but it is out of all proportion to the play. The shop undertakes to substitute for the costly orders of flowers for women the equivalent in dainty feminine apparel. A preacher, not aware of the custom of the shop, orders flowers for three "herbaceous" widows, who presently turn up to remonstrate against the indignity. Apprehensive of a mouse, they seek safety on chairs, draw up their skirts, thereby revealing that they are wearing the articles substituted for the flowers. A vision welcomed by the conclamation of the silly.

But what about the play? Exactly. It concerns two young couples who believe their husbands are the very opposite in character to what they are. One young and doting wife imagines that her husband used to be irresistible among women, and could tell her, if he would, many a history of conquest. She is proud of him for his supposed past. The other wife, a prim young lady, believes that her husband has always been a model of bashfulness and propriety. When the two hus-

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X B

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

bands meet they exchange confidences, with the result that the really bashful one is taken in hand by the other for a training in the ways of the gay world. Then everybody chases through a series of adventures. At one point, Miss Marion Lorne, in the part of the wife who admires her husband's supposed past, has to climb through a transom. She does so satisfactorily and inoffensively. We are told that it is one of the features of the play. The production and the stage management are, of course, of the best. It is well acted. Its details are carefully looked after. That is the trouble, perfection in detail, a muddle as a whole. It is amusing in spots, but it needs the attention of a playwright. Perhaps it is better as it is, for if it had not been muddled structurally it would be libidinously dangerous to the public.

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THE VICTOR TALKING MACHINE.—Most persons' idea for a so-called restful Summer is leaving town to rush to a country resort, where hotels are less comfortable than in the city, and be on the perpetual go—golfing, bathing, motoring, dancing, with two or three rubbers at Bridge for good measure. That is the strenuous, nerve-racking Summer life. How much more sensible to spend the time quietly in woods, mountain or seashore as far away from railroads, telegraph, telephone, and other feverish adjuncts of up-to-date existence as possible. It was the writer's good fortune to visit such a place this Summer, and one of the most pleasant incidents of his stay was the forethought of his host, who had brought with him a Victor Talking Machine. We have all heard Victor records in our city home, but how much more inspiring and beautiful when, in the religious silence of the night, with the moon casting her silver mantle over the landscape, one suddenly hears the voice of a Caruso, a Melba, or any of the other great world singers. Under these ideal conditions the human voice, thus perfectly reproduced, holds the listener spellbound, and while, as a rule, a trip to the village is exceedingly unpopular, everyone is willing to make an exception when notified that a package of new records is waiting at the railroad depot.

And what a treat in the new selections! A record by Gerville Réache, in French, from "Samson et Delilah," *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix* (*My Heart Opens at Thy Voice*). Two other records by the same artiste, *Va laisse couler mes larmes* (*Oh, Let My Tears Flow*), from Massenet's "Werther," and *Oh, ma lyre immortelle!* (*Oh, My Immortal Lyre!*) from Gounod's "Sapho."

Another artistic treat is the great "Aida" duet by Gadski and Homer. These are two twelve-inch records with orchestra, and in Italian. Part I is the scene and duet from Act II, *Fu la sorte dell' armi* (*Neath the Chances of Battle*), and *Alla pompa, che s'appreste* (*In the Pageant Now Preparing*). The Victor Company has also secured a record by a famous French soprano, Mme. Arral, of the Paris Opera Comique. Her twelve-inch record from Verdi's "Traviata," *Ah, forse e lui* (*He My Heart Foretold*), is a splendid number.

Evan Williams, the tenor, has two new records, one of which, "Little Boy Blue," is particularly good. Blanche Ring has also sung her famous hit for the Victor—*Yip! I Ade! I Ade!*

Among the prominent instrumentalists we have three splendid solos by Maud Powell, the violinist; *Mazurka* by A. Zarzycki, *At the Brook* by Boisdefre, *Thais*—Intermezzo (*Méditation Religieuse*) by Massenet.

The final scene of Puccini's opera, "Madama Butterfly," in Italian, by Emmy Destinn, the Bohemian soprano.

Vasseur's *El Bolero Grande* in French, and Massé's *The Marriage of Jeannette*—Nightingale Song, rendered by Blanche Arral, soprano; *Auld Lang Syne* by Burns, and *Holy Night* (*Cantique de Noël*) by Adam, sung by Evan Williams, tenor, in English; also *La Favorita*—Spirit So Fair, by Donizetti, sung by Evan Williams in English. *The Billiken Man*, Blanche Ring's latest hit, by Goetz-Gideon.

The Hippodrome will re-open its doors on Saturday evening, September 4, with a triple bill under the titles "A Trip to Japan," "Thro' the Centre of the Earth" and "The Ballet of the Jewels," written by R. H. Burnside, with special music by Mr. Manuel Klein.

France Honors Mr. Hammerstein

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, director of the Manhattan Opera House, has just been honored in a signal fashion by the French Government in recognition of his services to French art. He has been awarded the decoration of Officier d' Académie, and this honor, it is reported, is to be followed by the still greater honor of Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

M. G. R., Pittsburgh.—Q.—In what way is Gertrude Coghlan related to Rose Coghlan? A.—She is a niece of Rose Coghlan, and a daughter of the late Charles Coghlan, the well-known actor, and brother to Rose. Q.—Give me a short sketch of Julia Marlowe's life. A.—Born in Calbeck, Cumberland, England, she was brought to this country when a very young child. After a little stage experience she spent three years under the tutorage of Ada Dow, the English actress. Miss Marlowe's first New York appearance was as Parthenia in "Ingomar," at the Bijou Theatre, in 1887, and since then she has been starring in Shakespearian and other classic roles. Q.—Where may I get pictures of prominent actors and actresses? A.—Portraits of players may be purchased from Meyer Brothers, 26 West 33d Street, New York. Price, 25 cents. Three questions only answered.

Carl Robert—A.—We would suggest that you place your play in the hands of a play broker. Q.—Is Gustave Frohman related to the well-known managers of that name? A.—Yes, Gustave is the eldest of the three Frohman brothers.

O. L. Mc., Okla.—Q.—Please give the address of Julia Marlowe. A.—Miss Marlowe may be addressed in care of the Messrs. Shubert, Lyric Theatre, New York.

G. M., A., Springfield, O.—Q.—Where may I obtain pictures of the "Taming of the Shrew" as presented by Ada Rehan? A.—A portrait of Ada Rehan as Katherine in the play you name appeared in our issue of February, 1904.

B. M. Q.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Edna May Spooner? A.—Yes, in August, 1907. Q.—Can you tell me something of Florence Reed's life? A.—Miss Reed is a daughter of the late Roland Reed. She was born in Philadelphia and made her stage debut in 1901 at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, appearing in vaudeville. Shortly after she became a member of the Proctor Stock Company. Later the same year she was engaged as leading woman for May Irwin, returning again to stock work in 1902. For the next few years Miss Reed remained in stock, creating several roles in new plays. The season 1907 to 1908 she became leading woman for E. H. Sothern, gaining much popularity. Q.—Have you interviewed Marie Doro? A.—No, we have not.

Mrs. W. E. F., Riverside Drive—Q.—Have you published pictures of Margaret Dale as she appears in "Father and the Boys"? A.—Yes, in the March and June issues of 1908.

A. W. McM., Smith's Fall, Ont.—Q.—Kindly give me a synopsis of the scenes and the cast of "Becky Sharp" as played by Mrs. Fiske some seasons ago. A.—We are unable to give a synopsis of the scenes. The cast of the play as produced in 1900 was: Marquis of Steyne, Tyrone Power; Sir Pitt Crawley, Robert V. Ferguson; Pitt Crawley, Charles Plunkett; Rawdon Crawley, Maurice Barrymore; William Dobbin, Wilfrid North; George Osborne, Stanley Rignold; Joseph Sedley, William F. Owen; Major Loder, E. L. Walton; Lord Bareacres, W. L. Branscombe; Lord Tarquin, Frank Reicher; Lord Southdown, Frank McCormack; Duke of Brunswick, B. B. Belcher; Raggles, Arthur Maitland; Landlord, Otto Meyer; Becky Sharp, Mrs. Fiske; Amelia Sedley, Zenaida Williams; Miss Cawley, Ethel Douglas; Marchioness, Jean Chamblin; Lady Bareacres, Francesca Lincoln; Briggs, Mary Maddern; Fifine, Ethelwyn Hoyt.

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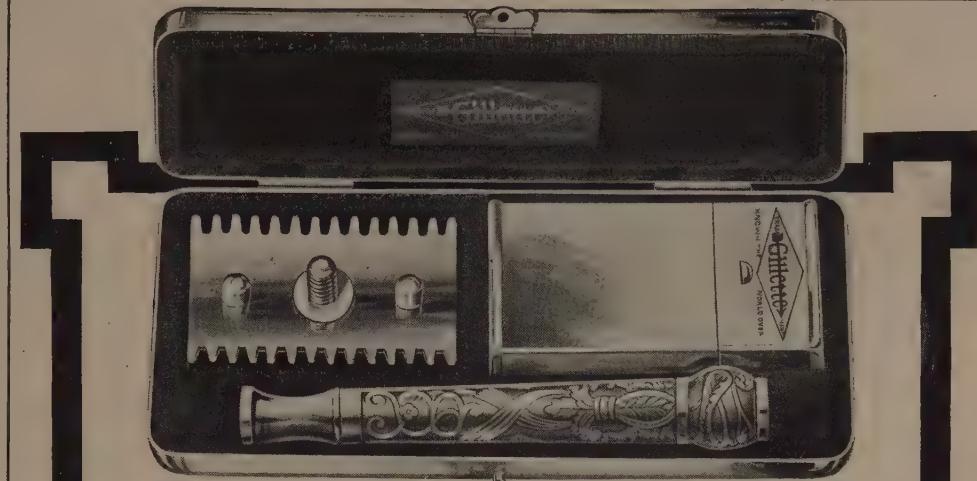
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Fashions of the Month



Small hat of lavender plush, covered with black Chantilly lace, and ornament with lavender aigrette. The upward movement of the left brim makes this model decidedly becoming to the American face. Made by Carlier

gay a place as it did six weeks ago. With this difference, it may be added, however, that along the Champs Elysées, the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Rue de la Paix, quite as much English is heard as French or any other language.

And really, until the middle of July, the dressmakers were constantly busy preparing costumes appropriate for the various summer functions, and how beautiful they are. Truly, the French woman is quite as exacting as regards her toilettes as the most exacting of Americans. To be sure, the American woman has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in the world, and taken *en masse* this is undoubtedly a true statement, for one sees more well dressed American women on the streets of any of our large cities in the course of an hour than are to be encountered during the course of the whole day in Paris, while in any large town of the French provinces the well dressed women as measured by the American standard met during the course of an entire day may easily be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Nevertheless, the French women who have the money to spend on their costumes and who are clients of the best dressmakers can, in most instances, give points to their American sisters. From hat to boots their toilettes are a harmony of color, of fine materials, and exquisite laces and trimmings, and therefore stand a favorable comparison with those worn by our richest women. And how they carry those toilettes! With the utmost ease and elegance, as though the hats and gowns and wraps were intended—as they should be—to be an appropriate frame for all their innumerable charms and foibles.

There is nothing that gives the Paris dressmaker greater satisfaction than to design costumes for a client who can carry them to ad-

LA saison morte at Paris, so all my French friends warned me, began just after the Grand Prix, and would continue for two months. Well, it may be the dead season, and all the society folk may have gone to the seaside, to their country places, or to take the cure at some one of the numerous watering places, but to the visiting American Paris seems quite as full of people and as

vantage, and this is the reason that certain fair Americans receive so much consideration here. Money, money? Yes, to be sure, the price is high, but that is an insignificant detail to the discriminating wearer and to the discerning artist. The ideal line and perfection are her requirements, while his motto is art for art's sake.

To point the moral of this preaching let me relate an incident that happened the other day not one hundred miles from the Place Vendôme. A woman, let us say from New York, came to me saying that certain friends had told her I knew all about the Paris shops and dressmakers, and, as this was her first trip abroad and she knew no French, would I go about with her a bit. So, thinking to oblige both my friends at home and some of

The draped turban will be a feature of the Winter fashions. This model is in royal-blue velvet, with a large blue bead ornament drooping at the right side. Beads are in round and bugle shape, and look as though carved out of wood. Made by Carlier, Paris



Photo Felix

Handsome evening costume of mauve net over supple satin of the same color, with striking ornamentation of jet embroidery and "Feltight" crochet buttons. Coat of pale blue cachemire de soie trimmed with gold embroidery and "Feltight" crochet buttons. (These buttons are patented all over the world by J. W. Schloss.) Costume made by Buzenet, Paris



those who have been so amiable to me in Paris, I consented. After inspecting half a dozen of the latest models at one of the big dressmaker's, she discovered a gown that pleased her mightily. Naturally, I thought that the business would be quickly settled. Imagine, then, my surprise when I said that the lady would like to order such a costume, to receive the reply, "But, madame, Monsieur X would refuse to take her order for such a costume. She has not the figure for it, and it would be as much as his reputation was worth." A pretty fix I was in, was I not? I thanked my lucky stars she did not understand French, for the matter was finally settled by having a gown specially designed for her, but it required considerable effort on my part to prevail upon her to order from the sketch rather than from an actual model.

Just at present the milliners are busy with their Winter models, and while there are contending rumors as to the size of hats, I believe I can say with assurance that smaller ones will be worn. The truth of the matter is that a right merry war is being waged between the manufacturers of hats and the milliners, because the manufacturers, forsooth, prefer large pressed shapes, since they can make more money thereby, while the milliners prefer the more jaunty styles in the moderate sizes. It really does seem as though it were time to have a decided change of fashion in this respect, and some of the new draped hats solve the problem admirably,

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mercury wings are to be much worn next Winter, so that I have the assurance of being a few months ahead of the fashion. Madame Eliane has such a vast knowledge of the coming styles that she can be depended upon to give just that certain amount of novelty to any hat she makes that is so appreciated by the discriminating women.

Some of the American milliners tell me that Eliane models



Photo Felix

Robe laveuse in black Liberty satin. The skirt is of black mousseline de soie, embroidered with sterilized blueets and draped over a foundation of royal blue satin. The corsage has the guimpe and lower parts of the sleeves made over silk malines of a light peach shade. Latest creations of Martial and Armand

Eliane has some stunning hats of this type in fur, velvet, moiré and beaver strips. The other day when I was starting off for a motor trip through Auvergne, I prevailed upon her to copy one of these in straw. It was the only hat I took with me for the week, and most comfortable and appropriate I found it for every occasion. The brim is of a green rough straw, and the crown of a smooth braid. The curved movement of the brim is beautiful, and the trimming consists only of two green mercury wings, set a trifle to the left side of the front in a dip of the brim. Let me add that



Photo Felix

Henri IV costume in old gold charmeuse satin, the corsage richly embroidered and jewelled, and the sleeves striped with pale blue ribbon. The skirt opens over a blue gauze tablier, with embroidery at the bottom. The mantle is also of the Henri IV style, with high embroidered collar and large cord. The beguin Henri IV is of shirred satin, ornamented with aigrettes. Made by Redfern, Paris. This costume was the sensation of the Grand Prix, when worn by Grace La Rue, the American actress, whose elegant silhouette was as much remarked as was the toilet



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are among the most successful they purchase in Paris, for the reason that she has made a special study of the American type of face.

Of course, she as well as the other milliners are showing large hats also. These generally have the upward movement to the brim, and are immensely becoming when correctly posed on the head. They are made of moiré, of velvet, or of combinations of the two fabrics. The most sought for garniture for these large hats is the aigrette, which is correspondingly high in price. But how exquisite an aigrette is, whether it be the cross aigrette, the heron, or some one of the made varieties. Then there are quantities of wings being used, great big soft wings of the most beautiful colors imaginable. Some of these are in the natural tints, but to my mind the finest owe their lovely tones to the dyer's art. One or two of these wings is about all the trimming even one of the large hats requires. Little mercury wings are used to conceal the base of the aigrettes. Sometimes these are in the same tone as the aigrette, for others the contrasting note of black is employed with excellent effect. And, by the way, the aigrette of the new season is of novel shape, being of the same form as the palmleaf fan, and thus giving quite a different semblance to the hats they adorn. The woman who already possesses an aigrette of fine quality can easily have it made into the new shape at comparatively small cost.

Ribbons are being used to quite an extent upon the Winter hats. There are soft, pliable moiré ribbons that are almost sash width, and these are used in both the one color and the changeable effect. The most novel ribbon is a basket weave, and this is used in all silk and silk combined with gold, silver or aluminum. It makes a most effective trimming, and is altogether in harmony with some of the new silks that are being used for the ornamentation of the new cloth-tailored suits. This basket weave of silk is used for the collar, cuffs and vest when there is one, and while in the same color as the cloth is of two shades, so as to give more life to the completed costume.

While the Winter models are not yet being exhibited, I have it from the most reliable sources—the dressmakers themselves—that ribbons will be more than usually employed for trimmings. They will chiefly take the form of sash draperies, but of decidedly novel form, as the next sash will generally encircle the skirt at about the region of the knees or the ankles. For this purpose supple ribbons are necessary, and of somewhere from six to ten inches wide. One has to become accustomed to this fashion, but when correctly executed it is more than good. I have seen a number of French women wearing Casino and evening gowns with sash draperies of this description, and liked them immensely. The Summer lingerie

gown with the colored satin ribbon sash draped under the fine batiste embroidery, lace or net, is a much favored style, and one that is certain to obtain for dancing frocks during the Winter.

While Winter tailored suits are still in process of construction, it is an assured fact that long coats are to prevail, but long coats that are quite different from those of the Spring. Also, we are to have slightly fuller skirts, something about the four-yard width, I should judge, and always of the plaited type. Never have I seen such a variety of styles in plaited skirts as have been shown to the foreigners, who must make an early departure from this center of fashion.

The general idea is some sort of a hip yoke with the plaits attached thereto. The newest have the plaits only at the sides, or else in the back and front with plain sides,

though some models show the deep hip yoke with deep side plaits all around the skirt. The changes rung upon this type of skirt art infinite, and when such skirts are properly cut and hung they are exceedingly smart.

The coats also have the long skirts plaited to correspond with the plaits of the skirt proper. Some attractive styles of this sort I saw lately at Martial and Armand's. However, their great success of the Summer is the Flower Dress. This was launched with great effect during the Grande Semaine. It is in shape a costume laveuse, or washerwoman's dress, the name being taken from the short apron drapery of supple satin or crêpe that encircles the hips, yet is so arranged as not to add to the size of the wearer. When I tell you that it has been made by this justly celebrated house for some of the best dressed actresses, you may be sure that it will be adopted very quickly by equally well dressed women off the stage. Mlle. Faber, of the Comédie Française, has a flower dress, the skirt of dull blue chiffon embroidered with bluets in the natural tones, and through this silk embroidery are scattered artificial bluets. The laveuse drapery is a soft black satin. The skirt touches all around, but does not train, as I am told that the all-round skirt is the only correct form for such a costume. The beautiful Mlle. Marthe Regnier of the



Photo Felix

An early Fall model by Badin. Made of black mousseline de soie over white, and trimmed with black lace embroidered in white. The movement of the skirt is excellent, and the corsage is draped in a novel manner by a cut jet buckle

Theatre Renaissance is wearing one in hydrangea blue shades ornamented with the same flowers. Mme. Robinne, of the Comédie Française, made quite a sensation the other evening when she appeared in "La Reprise de Cabotins" wearing a flower dress of Nattier blue chiffon and crêpe ornamented with wild roses, while the American Pauline Chase, who is making a great success here in "Peter Pan," chose a combination of pink satin charmeuse embroidered with pink roses and blue ribbon in the Louis XV style. These costumes are made with either the high or low neck, as the



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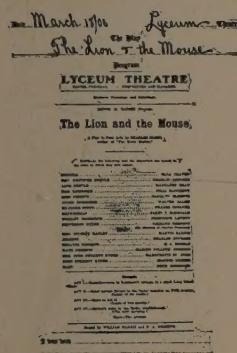
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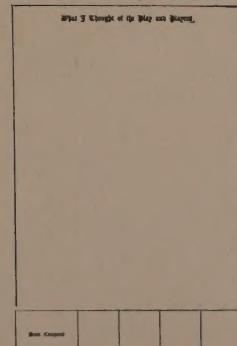
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Photo Manuel

Smart hat of moderate size made of Renaissance blue velvet and black taffeta, and trimmed with a large corded buckle of taffeta and a handsome coque feather plume. Made by Eliane

style is entirely appropriate for either afternoon or evening use. When it is high the neck is filled in with the transparent guimpe of fine lace.

One of our well-known New York women, Mrs. Henry Harkness, has just ordered a superb set of sables from Martial and Armand. The skins are so soft and such a beautiful color, that I am sure they will create quite as great a sensation the coming Winter as did those of Mrs. Drexel, bought from the same house, last year.

En passant, I may say that I caught a glimpse of Doris Keane the other day eyeing critically some lovely evening gowns displayed by the mannequins in one of the big establishments. She told me she had ordered three with some slight changes in the detail, and I am sure that a great treat is in store for the American audiences if her new play gives her an opportunity to wear them on the stage.

Grace Larue wore the sensational dress at the Grand Prix. You should have seen how the crowds followed her, how she was snapshotted at every turn, and how the artists all tried to sketch the costume. Even the mannequins sent out by the big dressmaking houses did not attract one-half the attention bestowed upon our American actress. This gown is another proof that Redfern is one of the most daring and original of dressmakers. While everyone else has been talking a thousand and one different style periods for Winter, he has launched with big effect, through the able assistance of Miss Larue, the Henri IV style. I am only sorry that the photographer has not taken a front view of it, so that you could see the long pointed bodice richly encrusted with embroideries and jewels, the stunning sleeves striped with ribbons that give the effect of being slashed, with their quaint little cuffs of embroidered white batiste, and the deep collar in the same style. It was all immensely correct in the Henri IV period, as well as immensely attractive.

Undoubtedly we are coming to the more fitted style of dress, to something quite different from what we have had in years, and the



Photo Manuel

Charming summer gown of dotted foulard with fish-wife drapery, such as was worn at the races. The square-cut bodice is filled in with net and trimmed with braid. Model from Henry & Co., Paris

Henri IV certainly points the way. Most of us, of course, will not don the pure Henri IV immediately, but we will adopt the new sleeves, the new collar, and the long pointed front of the corsage, and we will admire the fuller skirts that are yet so tight about the hips, and that serve so well to mould the beautiful outlines. Talk of skirt draperies you will no doubt hear a great deal, but, believe me, the new



Photo Manuel

Larger Rembrandt hat in taupe velvet trimmed with flat bands of tube galloons in the same shade and a fancy aigrette. Made by Eliane

skirt draperies only serve to accent the hip curves, and by no means increase the size thereof. Even the new plaited skirts of the tailor-mades preserve the silhouette of the hips, and mostly by means of a more or less deep hip yoke.

All this means that we must take more than usual care in the selection of the garments to be worn beneath these costumes. For this purpose there is no better garment, and none quite so good as the sheathbocker. I find that it is even better known here than in America, owing to the fact that the originator of the sheathbocker bears the French name of Debevoise. This garment is a combination of corset cover and culotte or knickers, and when there is a drop skirt to the dress a petticoat is quite unnecessary. The sheathbocker is so cut that there is not a bit of unnecessary fulness anywhere, and it moulds itself over the hips in the most fashionable and satisfactory manner. It is also a most comfortable garment for the wearer, for aside from its perfect fit it gives a freedom and ease of movement. I think I told you that the French women have become devoted to the short walking skirt, the American style they call it. Indeed, I find them enthusiastic admirers of many people and things American.

I have the pleasure of introducing to your notice a new dressmaker. The house of Buzenet is yet in its infancy, but Madame has a rare and elegant taste that has quickly made her famous with the nicest people. I saw there the other day some of the most stunning models I have seen in Paris. Such lovely jet wraps, exquisite lingerie gowns and blouses, and smart costumes for all occasions, that I longed to possess each and every one. Buzenet is at 14 Rue de la Boetie, only a little way from the Madeleine, which makes it convenient for foreigners, and then the rents are not so exorbitant.